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III

THE
LOST IN THE JUNGLE
A
STORY OF
THE LOST IN THE JUNGLE





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LOST IN THE JUNGLE:

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

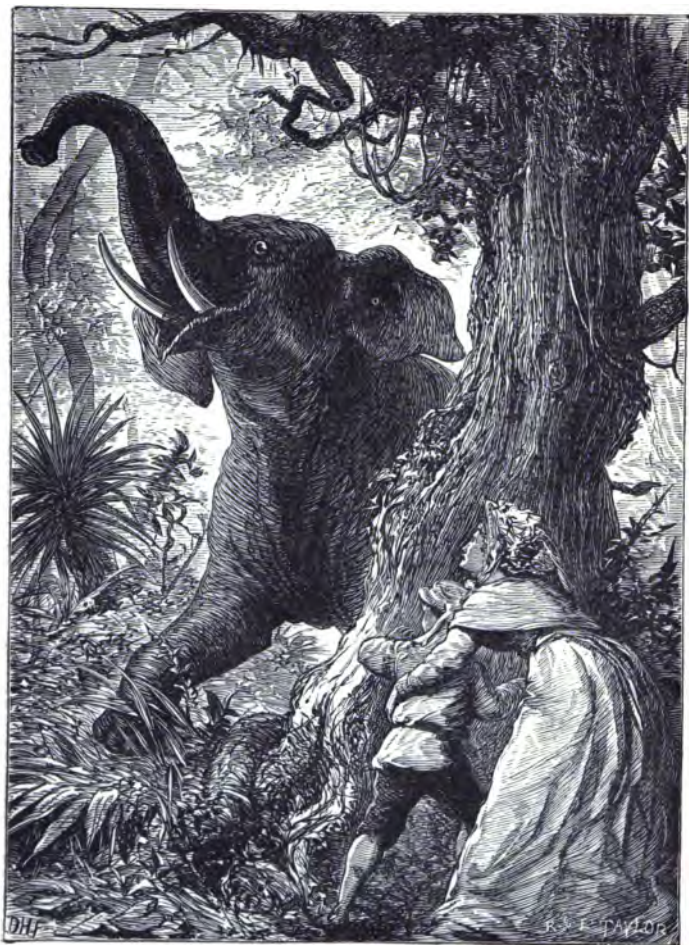
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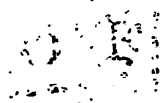
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The rogue elephant.—Page 49.



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LOST IN THE JUNGLE:

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY
AUGUSTA MARRYAT.

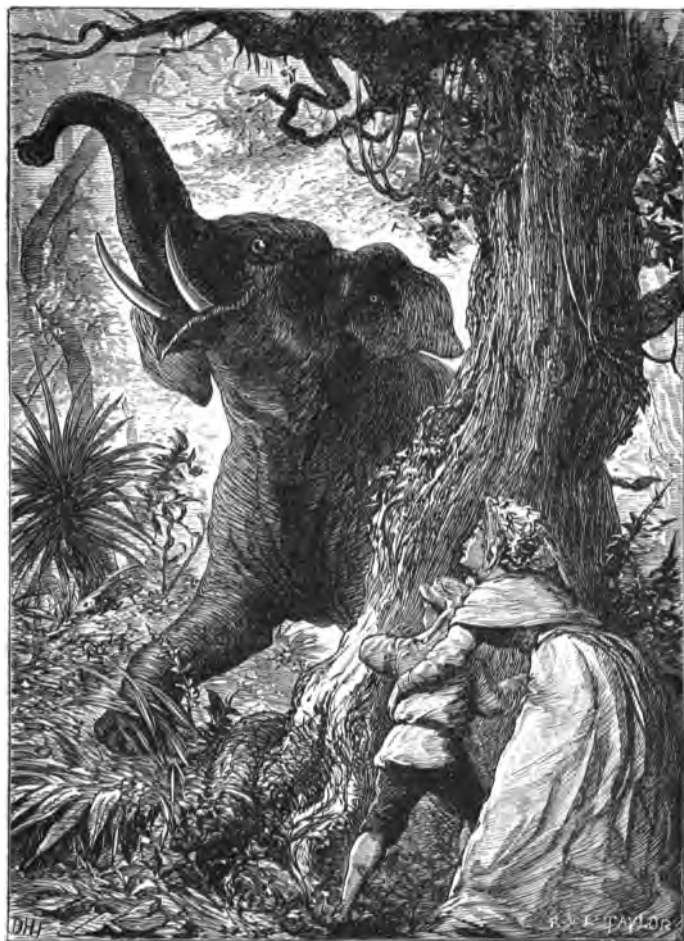
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LOST IN THE JUNGLE:

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

YOU have no doubt all heard of the Mutiny in India, which took place some eighteen years or more ago, before you were born ; but lest some of you should have rather misty ideas on the subject, before I begin my story I will tell you in a few words what it was, and what caused it. A mutiny is a revolt, or rising of a body of men against those set over them, and whom it is their duty to obey. Most of the native or Indian regiments consist of coloured men called Sepoys, with English gentlemen for their officers. These natives are not of the same religion as ourselves,

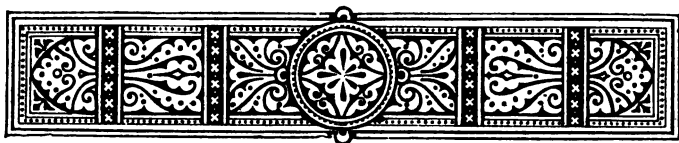
and imagine that anything that makes them lose caste defiles them, or in other words prevents their souls going to heaven. The cartridges used in the army are formed of a ball of lead and some gunpowder, rolled up together in paper ; and these, with which the muskets are loaded, require to have a part bitten off by the teeth before being put into the barrel of the gun. Now the Fakirs, or priests of the Hindoos, made them believe that our Queen had ordered all the cartridges to be greased with pig's fat, so that in touching this with their mouths they thought they made themselves unclean and unfit for heaven. The result of this wicked teaching of the Fakirs was, that all the native soldiers rose up in arms against their officers, and shot many of them dead : not only English gentlemen, but their wives and children. They were determined to obey no white man or Christian, and 'slave of the white Begum,' as they called Queen Victoria, and to be either was quite enough to provoke any Sepoy to murder them in the most brutal way. These ignorant, vicious men suffered very much in the end for their conduct, and most of the murderers paid with their lives for their sin in killing their officers. They refused to obey those set over them, and were punished for it.

There is no easy spelling-book of Indian names, so

† I must give them you as they are, and trust to your

reading them as well as you can. The mutiny began at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, and upon General Havelock arriving at Bombay on the 27th May 1857, he first heard the news of the outbreak. He set off at once to Calcutta, and from thence to Allahabad. After that he went to Cawnpore, to the relief of the English there, within the city, when with only one thousand of our own brave British soldiers, and without cavalry (or horse soldiers), he beat five thousand Sepoys, although they had both horses and cannons. But General Havelock came too late to save the English men and women and children, for the natives, or Indians, had already killed them all. Again, at Lucknow many were shot, or starved, or otherwise badly used, and at other places also, for the mutiny was all over India. Delhi is the city, however, near which the events I am going to tell you occurred ; and now, as I think I have explained what the Mutiny was, we will leave these dry facts for what, I hope, will interest and amuse you.





CHAPTER II.

THE MUTINY.

IT was in the month of May, in the year 1857, that Mrs. Brisbane was sitting in a cane chair watching her baby, who lay sleeping in his cot by her side. She felt tired, although she had only just got up ; for she had had a restless night—what with the heat and the insects, that will force their way into the room in the evening in India as soon as the lamps are lighted. Great flying ants and big beetles had buzzed about and met their death in the flame, but not before Mrs. Brisbane had spent some time and strength in trying to drive them away from teasing her and poor baby on her lap.

Then, when the lights were put out, and the insects quiet, and the mosquito curtains drawn close round the beds, she could not sleep for the heat and for thinking.

She thought of her other children in England, and of her home in Devonshire, where the apple orchards were pink with blossom in the early spring, and where her little ones slept undisturbed by heat or insects, or the many disagreeable things to be met with in India. She had parted with Mary and Janet and Tommy, and left them with their grandmamma and aunt, because children cannot live and be well in India ; so that she had only her baby with her now, and Harry, who came next to him.

She felt sorry she had not sent him to England sooner, only she had delayed doing so because she could not bear to think of parting with so many. Sometimes her heart seemed cut in two pieces,—one being with her husband and baby and Harry in India, and the other under the apple trees with her little girls and Tommy, in her own dear old home.

She was very anxious in her mind, for many tales had come to her ears of the dreadful cruel things the native soldiers were doing ; and only the day before she had heard that a great number of them were marching on their way from Meerut to Delhi. She was afraid for herself and her children, and her husband also, who was an officer in the army, and had to be very often out with his regiment of Sepoys.

Mrs. Brisbane was sorry now that she had not let

Harry go to England by the last ship, for then he would have been safe. Her love for him had kept him back, but it seemed to her now that her love had been unkind.

People are very apt not to value a good thing until it is gone. And those who live in a free country like our own, and who can lie down and sleep at night as careless of next day as the birds in their nests or the bees in their hive, are not so grateful for their safety as they should be. Boys and girls who make a fuss if their hands are cold, or cook has not put enough sugar in the pudding, should think of those who have no warm clothes at all, or fires, or who have died from want of food. See the difference between poor Mrs. Brisbane and her children, who might be killed at any moment, and their little brother and sisters, happy and safe, playing in the orchard! Should not those at home have been very thankful that they were kept from danger, fear, and harm?

Mrs. Brisbane was a good, brave young English gentlewoman, but the early dawn of this day found her with weary eyes and a bad headache; for she had been crying and awake all night. She had sent Harry away with the ayah, or nurse, whilst she took care of baby Cyril herself.

The children's papa was out with his soldiers on

parade ; for it is so hot in India that people would get ill if they stood in the sun, and so such duties as teaching the men in a regiment to march and use their muskets, and other matters soldiers have to learn, must be done before breakfast-time.

When Harry came into the room again, after he had eaten his bread and milk, he walked gently up to the cradle to look at his brother, and then, without making any noise, sat down beside his mamma, and laid his curly head on her knee. Harry was a pretty boy of eight or nine years old, and very tall for his age.

‘Dear mamma,’ he said, as Mrs. Brisbane stroked his hair with her soft white hand, ‘do you feel a little better now? Shall ayah get you a cup of coffee? It might do your headache good.’

‘Yes, my child,’ answered the lady; ‘bid her get me some—there’s a dear boy! Baby was so feverish all last night that he could not sleep, neither could I, for watching him ;’ and she sighed.

‘Mamma,’ said Harry, when presently he returned to her, ‘I cannot find any one. I called “Qui hi?” (Who’s there?) again and again, but no one answered me at all. I can’t think where they are all gone to, and there is such a noise outside, just like guns going off. Do you not hear it?’

Yes ; Mrs. Brisbane had heard the firing long before

Harry spoke, and was standing near the verandah with her lips shut up tight, and her brows knitted together, listening with all her ears.

‘Mamma, how pale you look!’ said Harry. ‘Are you frightened? What is it? Perhaps they are only going to have a review. May I go out to see it?’

But Mrs. Brisbane did not answer. She was too intent on listening to the repeated reports of guns and screams, and other sounds of confusion and fighting. She was too anxious and alarmed to speak, for her husband was out amongst it all.

‘Mamma, dear, do speak to me!’ said Harry, who had got frightened himself at the look on his mother’s face. ‘What is the matter? Is anything wrong, do you think?’

Then Cyril woke up and began to cry, but Mrs. Brisbane took no heed of it, only stood there very pale and silent and listened. And the dreadful noise went on,—shrill screams and the report of guns, then a shout or a groan mixed with the tramping of feet and scuffling of people. Soon they heard a sound of footsteps coming quickly along the verandah and through the uncarpeted passages, and Mr. Brisbane’s native soldier servant ran in as fast as he could, calling out in a very loud, excited voice,—

‘Run, mem sahib, run! The mutiny beginning!

They shooting officer sahibs down !' And he caught his mistress by the arm, to make her come away at once.

Mrs. Brisbane's first thought was the baby ; so she seized him from his cot where he lay in his little white night-dress only, and clasped him tight in her arms. Then she took Harry by the hand and prepared to run—but where ? Those dreadful words, 'the mutiny,' seemed to freeze up all her blood and her energy, and she hardly knew what to do. She could not escape with her children and leave her husband. He had been obliged to go out that morning as usual to see after his men, and she had been waiting very anxiously for his return ; for at this time all the English people lived in fear of their lives from the brutal Sepoys, and did not know but that any moment they might rise up and shoot them. She could not tell but what he might be dead already, or going to be killed the next minute.

Only a few days before, when Mr. Brisbane, as adjutant, had had to make some arrangements about a coming-in regiment, paying for the tents left behind by the last, because they did not like to pay anything at all, they had taken up a lot of bricks and thrown them at his head. Since then, poor Mrs. Brisbane had been afraid each time he went out of her sight ; and now, what with terror and the noise outside, wanting to save herself and her children, and not liking to leave her

husband behind, she stood quite still, and really could do nothing.

‘Run, mem, run!’ said the servant again, taking her by the arm. ‘If no running quick, they shooting you too. Buggy at door. Run quick!’

Then the man, seeing she still stood without moving, dragged her along by force. I think, if he had not done so, she would only have remained where she was. The house was quite empty; all the servants seemed to have gone away, so that Mrs. Brisbane met no one in the passages as the man half-carried, half-dragged her across them—met no one until she got to the hall door. There, to her great joy and relief, she saw her husband in the buggy with the reins in his hands.

‘O Alfred!’ she gasped, ‘thank God, you are safe!’

‘No time to be lost,’ he replied. ‘Jump in, quick! Give me your hand, Harry.’ And before another minute was gone, mamma and both the children were up, and beside their father, in the carriage.





CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPE.

IDARESAY you think a buggy a very funny name for a carriage, but it is only the name that is funny, as a buggy is in reality just a high gig, with large light wheels, and intended to carry two persons. But you may be sure that, with certain death behind them if they stayed within range of the Sepoys' guns, Mr. and Mrs. Brisbane did not mind being a little squeezed in it. As for Harry, who did not understand the great danger they were in, he very much enjoyed it all,—standing up in front of his mother's knees, with baby kicking him in the back, and helping his father, by making noises with his mouth, to urge the Pegu pony to go on faster.

These ponies are very strong, and this was a very good one of his kind, so that they went along at a great rate.

Except for calling to the horse to make him go quicker, and punishing him with the whip, there was no sound, for both father and mother were feeling too much anxiety and fear to be able to speak. They knew quite well that their own lives, and those of their dear little children, depended on the fleetness of the pony, and so they urged him on in silence. The willing beast galloped forwards, with his head straight out before him, kicking up the dust as he passed along the dry, parched road,—went on, so as to get farther and farther away every moment from the sight of men struggling and fighting, from the smell of gunpowder, and from the noise of guns,—went on, leaving the great city of Delhi behind him, and getting nearer the jungle at every step.

The sun was very hot now, for it was more than an hour since they had started, and they had come at least ten miles. Harry was almost tired of shouting at the Pegu, and began to wish for home; and baby was fast asleep in his mamma's arms.

At last, when they were a good way from the city, she turned her head to look behind; she had not done so before, because she was so eager to go on that she felt as if to turn her head only would make a delay; but when she did so, she found that the tops of the houses and temples, and the great gate through which they had

left Delhi, were all out of sight. There was the dusty road—as far as one could see—the plain, and some trees, but that was all.

‘Thank God, we are safe! I can see no single human being,’ she said. Then she hugged baby tight to her bosom, and burst into tears.

‘Come, come,’ answered Mr. Brisbane cheerfully; ‘there is no time for crying, Mary dear. Dry your eyes, for you may need all your courage yet. There are plenty of Pandies still.’

The Sepoys were called Pandies, because Mungal Pandey was the name of the man who first shot an officer dead.

‘Do you think they will overtake us?’ she asked, looking anxious again. ‘Do you not think we are safe?’

‘I trust in God we shall shortly be,’ said Mr. Brisbane, ‘but we have still many miles to go before we can sit down and be idle.’

‘Gee up!’ cried Harry; ‘get along, pony, do. What fun it is to run away! Is it not, papa?’ But papa only smiled sadly, and Mrs. Brisbane looked very much as if she were going to cry again.

‘Don’t you like it, then, mamma?’ continued the child; ‘but now I remember I am hungry. When shall we have tiffin?’

Mrs. Brisbane dried her eyes. 'Poor innocent!' she only said; and then she kissed Cyril, and called him her lamb—her joy, and began to cry over him a little. Papa told mamma not to be a goose, but to remember she was the wife of a soldier, and that they were not in safety yet.

'Where are we going?' she asked presently.

'I have been thinking, my dear. The first object was to get away from the mutineers, and the next to keep away from them; but after we are hidden in the forest (if we reach it), I scarcely know what we are to do. Meerut lies to the opposite direction. We must be thankful that we have escaped with our lives, and trust to Providence to keep what He has spared. The beginning of the jungle lies about twenty miles from Delhi; and I fancy we have already come more than half the distance. As soon as the horse has got back his wind a little, we will go on, so as to get into the shade of the trees before the sun is much hotter.'

'Shall we drive the pony right through the jungle, papa?' asked Harry.

'No, my son,' said Mr. Brisbane; 'we shall have to leave the buggy outside, and go on with Rufus by himself.'

'What! ride him, papa? Oh! may I ride first?' and Harry was quite pleased at the idea. The poor little

boy did not think then, how before long he would be more anxious to get out of the jungle than he was now to get into it.

Mr. Brisbane went on talking to his wife: 'We shall have to leave the carriage, and get on as well as we can with the pony. Luckily, he is as strong as a dray-horse, and will not object to carry double. In many parts of the wood we shall only be able to go at a foot's pace, when I can walk, whilst you and Harry ride.'

'And baby,' replied Mrs. Brisbane, 'he is so heavy to carry; I wish I had a shawl with me, or something that I could make a kind of sling with, to hang him in, and take a little off his weight.'

'I think I can manage that,' said the father. 'I will bind him round me with my sash. He will be quite safe in that way, and it will leave my arms free.'

Mr. Brisbane was still in his regimental dress, for he had come away off parade; and officers wear long, wide, red silk sashes over their uniforms.

Then Rufus being a little rested, and having quite recovered his breath, from having been allowed to walk for some time, papa took the whip out of the rest, and laid it lightly across his back. The pony needed no second hint, but flew on, kicking up the dust, and making a great clatter with his hoofs on the har

The jungle was already in sight ; and the bushes growing out of each side the hedge, made it look like a thick grove everywhere.

Large trees met overhead, and formed a covered, leafy walk, through which the sun could not pierce. There was no one to be seen near, and no sound but that of the beetles and grasshoppers chirping in the hedgerows, except that of the rustling of the boughs, where some monkeys were amusing themselves at play.

Every now and then Harry would see the comical face of one peering from behind a bunch of leaves, and grinning at him. Some of the mothers were holding their young in their arms, just as mammas do their children, and he could not help bursting out laughing when he saw one of these monkeys, who had quarrelled with another, fly up a tree after her to box her ears, whilst the poor baby monkey held on very tight with its arm round her waist, looking very much frightened.

‘Oh ! look, papa—do just look at that big monkey ! now she is beating the little monkey ; and look, papa, at the old monkey with the grey beard ! Does he not look wise ?’

The gibbering and chattering of the monkeys as they ran after each other in the trees, and skipped from bough to bough, would have amused Mr. and Mrs.

Brisbane at any other time, but now it was only Harry's heart that was light enough to take pleasure in watching them. His parents were too busy taking the horse out of the shafts, and arranging to ride him, even to listen to their little boy's remarks.

Mr. Brisbane had handed mamma and baby and Harry out of the buggy; and as soon as she had laid Cyril down in a safe place by the road-side, she began to help her husband to undo the harness, so that they might leave the gig. It was of no use to them any longer, because the forest path had become too narrow for the wheels to pass along it. They took everything off the pony except his headstall, and then Mr. Brisbane got one of the cushions from the carriage, and fastened it on his back by means of the reins, which he wound round and round his belly, to make a kind of saddle to sit on, for a horse's back is very slippery, and not at all easy to keep from falling off when bare.

Whilst the Pegu cropped a mouthful of grass, Mr. Brisbane undid his sash, that he might tie the baby with it to his waist; and when he was ready, mamma lifted Cyril—still asleep on the turf where she had laid him—very gently from off it, so as not to awake him, and held him whilst his papa made him safe with the sash. When he had finished, and baby was firmly tied on, he looked very funny,—some-

a lady with a dress in the last fashion, all sticking out behind.

Poor mamma, spite of her grief, could not help a smile as Mr. Brisbane prepared to get on Rufus, with Cyril at his back, in this odd way. But the smile was soon changed to tears, for just as she was going to help Harry up, some one, hidden in the brushwood near, threw a large stone at the pony, which made him first throw up his head and snort, and then dart off as fast as he could back again towards Delhi. Harry was thrown violently to the ground, but he was not hurt. There were no reins to Rufus's headstall, so that Mr. Brisbane could not stop him; and it was only because he was such a good rider that he was not thrown, but he stuck his knees into the pony's sides, and did not fall off.

Mrs. Brisbane saw the horse tear away with her husband and her baby—saw them going off farther and farther from her, and yet she could do nothing to stop them. She held out her tender arms, but still the pony ran farther away. She feared her husband might be thrown, and baby dashed to pieces; but no,—he still went on, appearing smaller and smaller as the distance increased between them, until his scarlet coat became a little speck—far, far away at last—and he and all "appeared out of sight. Then she felt sick, and a

cold shiver of despair came over her. She sat down just outside the edge of the jungle, for she had no longer strength to stand ; and she buried her head in her hands, and sent up a great cry to Heaven for 'God to have mercy upon' her.





CHAPTER IV.

THE FOREST.

MRS. BRISBANE sat for a while without moving, with her head in her hands. She did not look up even when Harry said to her, 'Mamma, why has papa gone away and taken baby? Is he not coming back again for us? Mamma, tell me?'

Then Harry waited a few moments, hoping he should see his father returning on Rufus; but he could see nothing, though his eyes went all round and far away—everywhere.

'Mamma,' he said again, 'is papa coming back again soon?'

Mrs. Brisbane raised her head, and her eyes looked quite dim, as she replied, 'We shall never see them any more, I fear.'

Just as she was speaking they heard a rustling near,



Mrs. Brisbane and Harry take fright,— *Page 29.*

and then a dark man, dressed in yellow, sprang out of the hedge. Mrs. Brisbane knew at once that he was one of the Burmese priests—'Poonghies' they are called—for she had often seen them begging from house to house in Delhi.

They carry a flat basket slung on in front of them, and ring a bell, as the muffin boys do in England. Then kind people come out and put a little rice or a few plantains or perhaps a fowl into the basket, when the priest nods his head very gravely, without looking up or speaking, and goes on. When a Poonghy of the highest class dies, they make a great fuss about him. First they put his body in honey for a whole year, and then they take it out before burning it. They ornament a stand with coloured glass and gold leaf, and put the dead priest on the top of it. Then they cover him all over with gold leaf, so that he does not look like a man at all, but like a gold figure. After that the people shout and sing and play upon musical glasses. At last they burn him.

Of course both Mrs. Brisbane and Harry were very much frightened, for any man, or any one with a dark skin, would have made them afraid just then; besides, she thought at once, and rightly, that it was the priest who had thrown the stone at the Pegu, and made it dash off as it had done. So she caught Harry by his hand, and ran back with him amongst the bushes, to get

away from her enemy and hide from him. She ran on, dragging Harry with her, and did not stop until he was quite out of breath, and began to complain and say: 'Oh do stop, mamma! Pray, do! I cannot run any more.'

Then Mrs. Brisbane stopped and looked about, when, to her relief, she found they were quite alone. So she spoke kindly to her little boy, and sat down on the dry grass and took him on her lap.

'I am so tired, mamma,' he said; 'when shall we leave this place and go home?'

'God only knows, my child,' she answered sadly. 'Sit still and sleep for a while, and then we will go back again to where we left the buggy. Perhaps that dreadful old priest will be gone. I do not like to leave the spot, in case your father should come back to it seeking us.'

'Sing to me, mamma, will you?' said Harry, who was getting sleepy with the heat; besides, he was weary with walking and being in the open air.

'I cannot sing, dear,' replied Mrs. Brisbane.

'Tell me a story, then,' said Harry, 'to send me to sleep.'

'Not now, my child,' answered his mamma; but after a time she raised herself, and sighing, said, 'Did you ever hear the story of Polyanthus and old Matcham?'

'No, never; tell it me, do.'

'Polly, a bay pony, was out at grass in the park, near

where I used to live when I was a little girl, in Devonshire, with an old mare, and one night the coachman who lived at the lodge at the end of the park heard a noise of whinnying at the window. He got out of bed to see what was the matter ; but when he looked, although there was a bright moon and it was quite light, there was nothing to be seen but Matcham, very excited and uneasy.'

'Why was she uneasy, mamma, if there was nothing there?' asked Harry.

'Wait until the end of the story, and you will hear. The coachman, whose name was Robert, put on his things and went outside to her, when she snorted at him, and then galloped off to the other side of the park as fast as she could. Robert followed, and when he came up to the old mare he found Polyanthus had, in trying to leap a wire fence, caught her hind legs in it and fallen down.'

'But do you think, mamma, the other horse came really to tell this? Do you think it could know?'

'Yes, I am quite sure she knew, and told the coachman in the only way she could,' said Mrs. Brisbane.

'What did Robert do then?'

'Why, I suppose he got Polly's legs out from between the wires, and pulled her up,' replied mamma.

‘And would she have died if he had not found her—I mean, if the old mare had not come and told him all about it?’ asked Harry.

‘I think if Polly had not died, she would probably have broken her legs in trying to get up again.’

‘Then I call that very clever and good of Matcham. Don’t you, mamma?’

‘I do indeed, dear,’ replied Mrs. Brisbane.

‘I shall see Polly and Matcham when I go home to England, shall I not, mamma, and feed them with bread and carrots, mayn’t I?’ And Harry clung round his mother’s neck, as he had a habit of doing when he wanted her to promise him anything.

‘If!’ said Mrs. Brisbane with a sigh.

‘Why do you sigh, mamma?’ replied he. ‘I have not asked anything wrong, have I?’

Mamma made no answer. Harry was rested now; so she told him to get up, and that they would try and find their way back again to the outside of the jungle, to the spot from where they had run away in such a hurry when they saw the yellow dress of the Poonghy. She did not know that in her haste and fear she had not only come much farther than she thought, but that the bushes and trees were all so much alike, that to return the way she came was not an easy thing to do. The place where they had been sitting was covered with wild flowers, like

a bright-coloured carpet, and the green boughs of the trees met overhead, so that it was like being in a lovely bower ; but then, alas ! on each side of them were the same kinds of flowers, and behind and before and above them were the same great trees. Harry and his mamma travelled on, every now and then thinking they had got to the part of the forest they were looking for, but only again and again to find they were wrong.

‘ O mamma ! ’ the child would say, ‘ I see a monkey just exactly like the one I saw before, and he is peeping out of the tree in the same funny manner. I am sure this is the right way.’

Still they did not come to the outside of the jungle where they had left the carriage, and where papa and baby had ridden away out of sight.

Wandering up and down, and—had they only known it—going round and round as a horse does in a mill, amidst the beautiful flowers and trees and bushes, they came at one time upon a large group of aloes. These are plants with thick leaves and very sharp, large thorns in them ; and this group grew too tall and was too close together to pass by ; so that had they come upon a high brick wall, it would have been as easy to get beyond.

Poor mamma was so tired and hot that she felt very much inclined to sit down and try no more. Her head ached very much, and her heart ached more than her

head. But she remembered that God helps those who try to help themselves. She was a brave woman as well as a good one ; and so she went on, although she could not find her way out of the dense thick wood, or get any nearer to the place she wished.

They had not seen any aloes before, so that Mrs. Brisbane knew now, after all their trouble and hours of walking about, they were more out of their road than before. The best thing, therefore, was to get away from the aloes as fast as they could. Mrs. Brisbane thought their road must certainly lie on the other side of the clump, and that they must have made a circuit and so got into the thicket, but she was not sure.

She looked carefully about her, but could see no way out. Presently Harry called loudly, 'Mamma, I see a hole in there—a big hole ; can we not crawl through it ?'

Mrs. Brisbane turned. Yes, there was a hole through which a person might crawl upon hands and knees ; so she and Harry bent down on all fours and squeezed themselves through under the prickly plants, whose thorns, luckily, all turn upwards.

It seemed a long time before they got into the air again, for spiders had spun their webs, and dead leaves and dust and dirt were collected in heaps in this narrow pathway. When they got out—some hundred yards off on the other side—they were both covered with thorns

and flue, and half choked with the dust which had got down their throats.

'I am so thirsty, mamma,' said Harry; 'could I not have something to drink?'

'Perhaps we may find some water soon,' replied Mrs. Brisbane; 'there must be water somewhere.'

For, to her grief, now that they were at the other side of the clump of aloes, the jungle did not look at all the same as it had before they crawled through it.

In front of them was the dry bed of a watercourse they had not seen at the beginning of their journey. It was deep—six feet at least, that is, two yards—and there was a rough narrow bridge made of planks of wood over it. The water had made deep ruts in the course, which the sun had baked very hard; but there was no water now; and Harry, who was thirsty, was almost inclined to cry when he found he could not get a drink.

In his eagerness to find some water he tried to jump into the 'nullah,' when he fell upon his back, and hurt himself a good deal from coming against the hard ground.

'My poor darling,' said mamma, 'are you in great pain?'

'Not very much—only rather bad,' replied Harry, whimpering; but he was a good, brave little fellow, and held back his tears; although, had he been like manv

boys I know—selfish and inconsiderate—he would have cried out, and made his mother suffer more than she already did.

‘But I am so thirsty,’ continued the child. ‘Mamma, cannot we get some water, or a little milk would do?’

‘Presently, dear,’ said Mrs. Brisbane. ‘I hope we shall come to some soon. This watercourse is dry, but there must be others. There surely must be others.’ And she looked around in the hope of seeing one.

She did not know which way to turn. She had no landmarks—nothing to point out to her which way they were going. She felt very helpless and very weak.

‘Can you walk on again now, Harry?’ she said. ‘We shall find no water standing here.’

So they went on, but still they saw no water. They found a few wild mulberries—very sweet and nice—very like blackberries; and these they ate of until they could eat no more; and Harry’s thirst was gone for the time.

After a while they came upon a path paved with bricks,—one of those laid down for travellers some hundred years ago. This in parts was so narrow that two horses could not have walked abreast along it, and its banks were covered with beautiful flowers and fungi. Toadstools and mushrooms are both of the fungus tribe, and are often very pretty. In some places they are scarlet, spotted over with white; in others—India, for

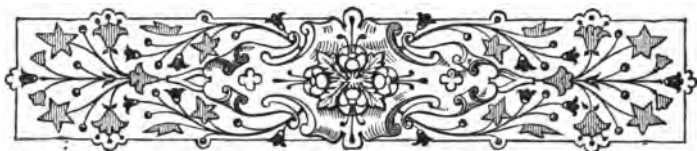
instance—you may see them like fine delicate lace, on a thin stem, exactly in shape like a parasol.

As the day went on a heavy fog came up, which covered everything with a mist, and made Mrs. Brisbane almost afraid to stir ; and the night closing in, it became very cold and dark. She dared not stand still for fear of getting cold, and hardly dared go on for fear of accident. The gloom increased, and they had had nothing to eat, excepting the mulberries they had picked, since the morning.

Henry, brave little fellow though he was, was almost crying with cold and hunger. Mamma did not feel much better ; and but for him, I think she would gladly have laid down and died when she thought of the loss of her husband and baby.

So they wandered about until it became almost dark.





CHAPTER V.

LOST.

WHEN daylight was gone, and it was so dark that they could only just see the trunks of the trees near them, Mrs. Brisbane paused to consider what she had best do. Harry was very tired as well as hungry now, and kept on fancying he saw the eyes of a tiger glaring at them through the bushes, or that a rustle amongst the leaves was made by some wild beast or other. He had heard of lions and panthers, chetahs and bears; he had a book full of pictures of them, and had been told that they lived in the forests and jungle, and roamed about at night searching for food, and sometimes eat up people, if they had a chance. Mrs. Brisbane also was rather afraid of meeting any of these savage beasts, for what could she do to protect herself and her child against them if they attacked her? It was so dark now they could not go on

walking, for they would most likely only get farther and farther astray, instead of finding their way out of the wood again. She had been thinking of all this for some while, during the time that the mist was rising and night coming on, and now she paused to consider. When at last she had made up her mind what to do, she said, 'Do you think you could climb into that tree, Harry?' pointing to one near where the lower boughs were not very far from the ground.

'Climb! I should think I could,' answered he, quite offended at his mamma supposing he could not; for the fact was, Harry was a very good climber for a little chap of eight years old, a much better one than mamma herself, I can assure you. 'Why, before Georgy Dodds went home to England,' continued the young gentleman, 'I beat him at climbing trees: all sorts of trees, I can tell you.'

Then Mrs. Brisbane told him she intended to try and get up into a tree to pass the night, as she thought they would be more comfortable and safer than on the ground. So, with a little difficulty on Harry's part, and a great deal on that of mamma, whose long petticoats were very much in the way, they contrived to climb into one, to a branch rather high up. Then they chose a nice wide bough for a seat, and Mrs. Brisbane settled herself on it, with her back resting against the br

trunk, and her feet dangling down from it. It was not so soft a bed as one of feathers to go to sleep in, but she felt quite safe to what she had done before: groping about in the dusk amongst the bushes. She drew Harry close to her, and with one arm round him tried to keep him firm on his seat, and warm, and before long his head fell forward on her breast, and he slept soundly.

Some hours passed. Mrs. Brisbane kept awake, listening to every sound—as much afraid of the silence as she was when a leaf rustled with the wind. As she watched and all was quite still but Harry's breathing, she heard a voice near calling out very loud, 'Tuctoo.' She started so as almost to lose her place on the bough and fall off, for her fear was great. After a little while, the person, as she thought, called out again, louder than before, 'Tuctoo,' and then gave a deep groan.

The voice woke Harry. 'What is that, mamma?' he said, alarmed also. 'Is it the old man come after us? Has he found us out, do you think?'

'Hush,' replied Mrs. Brisbane in a whisper, putting her hand on Harry's mouth to make him silent; 'I do not understand what he is saying, but I fear it must be the Poonghy. Keep very, very still, and perhaps he may pass on without seeing us.'

They waited for some time, not daring to say a word, hoping the priest would go on his way before the sun

rose to show him where they were; but ere long the same voice cried out again, 'Tuctoo,' and afterwards gave a dismal groan. This time it was much nearer to their hiding-place. Mrs. Brisbane did not know what to do, for she supposed the person calling out must be in great pain on account of the groans that followed each call; but she feared to leave her seat on the branches of the tree to go and see, lest it might be done only as a decoy or lure, to make them come down that they might be killed. So she only bade Harry keep very quiet, whilst she trembled herself and kept him tightly hugged in her arms. All through the cold, dark night she heard the voice calling 'Tuctoo,' sometimes quite close to her, until she was sick with terror of it, and the groans that came afterwards.

At last morning dawned, first dusk, and then lighter, and then with a burst the sun rose, and it was day. There was no one to be seen near; Mrs. Brisbane looked all round, but only green boughs and thick clustering leaves met her eyes. No priest or robber, or any dreadful form such as she had fancied by her through the weary hours of darkness. She gave a deep sigh of relief.

'The man has gone on, and not seen us, thank God!' she said to Harry. 'Now we will get down from the tree, and try and find our way out of the jungle.'

They were both a little stiff at first from having been so long in such a cramped position, but soon managed to shake off the feeling, when mamma began to descend. She had not got farther than the second bough, and was trying it with one foot, before trusting herself to the next, when she all at once heard the same voice calling out 'Tuctoo.' Mrs. Brisbane stopped, and signed to Harry to lie still.

'Tuctoo!' and then a groan.

She could see neither priest nor any other man. For some time she could see nothing at all but the leaves of the tree she was on, until at last, high up in a neighbouring one, she spied a large kind of lizard, black and very ugly, hanging by clinging with his feet to a bough. At first when she saw it she only thought it was a lizard and nothing more, until she saw him open his great toad-like mouth and halloo 'Tuctoo.'

'Why, it is only a great, ugly black lizard after all, Harry,' she said. 'What a mountain we have made of a mole-hill!' and she laughed, and was altogether so much amused at her own fright, that she jumped down to the ground as lightly as the little boy himself.

Harry took up a stone to throw at the lizard, who clung to the bough, his throat widely inflated with fear.

'Punish him as he deserves for frightening us so,' said he ; 'horrid wretch !'

'No, no,' replied mamma ; 'the poor thing is quite harmless, I do not doubt. No more stones, my boy. Throw those away.'

'Shall I say my prayers too?' asked Harry, seeing his mamma had covered her face with her hand.

Then he repeated the Lord's Prayer out loud with her ; but when he came to 'Give us this day our daily bread,' the remembrance of his hunger was too great for him, and he stopped, saying,—

'I want my breakfast, mamma, so much ; I wish I had not given more than half my bread and milk yesterday to Fluffy. Do you think God will send us our daily bread to-day, mamma?'

'Yes, dear ; if not bread, I trust He will send us help in some way. Are you very hungry, my child?'

'Oh yes, mamma, I feel such a pain in my stomach, and sick ;' and Harry began to pluck and eat some leaves off a bush growing near.

'Do not eat those, my darling,' said his mother. 'I do not know what they are. They may be poison. Try and wait just a little longer, and we may find some more nice mulberries.'

The early morning air was fresh and sweet, the dew was still on the grass, and had it not been that they

were two poor, hungry, tired, and lost creatures, they would have enjoyed seeing the beauty of the flowers on all sides of them. Insects were beginning to get lively, and fly and buzz about. As they walked on, they heard a slight noise, and saw a jackal skulking home after being out all night in search of food. He looked so fierce and sly and wicked, that Harry was quite glad he ran away so fast. They next met a large troop of wild deer coming out of their covert or bed to crop the grass; and when the deer saw them, they threw up their heads high in the air, and snuffed with their noses, and then darted off all together, quite frightened.

‘Well, they are soon off!’ said Harry, laughing. ‘Didn’t they run fast, mamma?’ But whilst he was speaking, he caught sight of a large mulberry bush, full of fruit, and ran up to it.

‘Come, mamma,’ he cried, with his mouth stuffed quite full; ‘here are such a quantity!’

Then Mrs. Brisbane and Harry fell to work eating the sweet ripe fruit until their hunger was satisfied, and their faces and hands were the colour of violet with the rich juice. Fruit by itself is not a substantial meal, but to these fainting wayfarers it now seemed a most delicious breakfast. At last even Harry could eat no more, and though he did not feel much inclined to move, his

mamma told him to come on before the sun made the day too hot for walking.

‘Did I not tell you,’ said Mrs. Brisbane, ‘that God would send us our daily bread?’

Harry opened his eyes. ‘They were mulberries, mamma,’ he answered; but then he was a little boy, and did not understand that by praying for ‘daily bread,’ we do not mean only loaves and rolls made of flour and water, but everything we may require for our comfort and support. God had sent them the mulberry bush because there were no bakers’ shops in the forest, so that bread, or what Harry called bread, could not be found there.

Mrs. Brisbane and Harry went on looking to the right, and then to the left, hoping always to come to the place they sought. They came to a watercourse on the way, with just a little trickling rill in the middle of it. Here was water, but how were they to get at it to drink. They slid down the bank, and went close up to the streamlet, and tried by putting their hands in to carry some of it to their mouths; but the water was in such a small quantity, that the little ran away between their fingers before it could be drank. After several efforts, by which they only managed just to wet their lips, but not to get a regular good drink, Mrs. Brisbane sat down upon the bank.

'We must think of some other plan to get the water,' she said, 'than with such bottomless cups as our hands. Is there nothing to make a cup of?' And she glanced around, and up and down Harry's dress and her own, to consider.

'Would a leaf do, mamma—a large leaf? I have often drank out of a leaf I filled at the fountain.'

'There is not sufficient water here for a leaf. No, nothing will do that we cannot leave to get filled gradually.'

Mrs. Brisbane's eyes were fixed on the ground at Harry's feet. She was thinking, when all at once her face got bright, and she said,—

'I have it! one of your shoes, Harry.'

So he took off his shoe, and Mrs. Brisbane carried it down, and placed it just where the water could trickle into it, whilst Harry hopped along on one leg after her. When the shoe was nearly full, she gave it to her child, who drank the water eagerly, although, I daresay, it had a strong taste of leather. Then mamma had a draught, and then Harry another, until with the fruit and the water they both felt quite full for the time being. Unluckily Harry could not keep up hopping on one leg for any distance, and just when he did let his shoeless foot touch the ground, he ran a sharp thorn into it. Mrs. Brisbane took out the thorn and washed his foot in the

stream ; but after he put on his shoe again, the place pained him, and made him walk lame now and then. They could not get on so fast as Mrs. Brisbane wished, although in her anxiety to reach the spot where she had last seen her husband and baby, she tried more than once to carry Harry pick-a-back. But a boy of eight is a heavy load for a woman not used to labour, so that they did not get on very quickly.

They had now been nearly two days in the wood, with nothing but a little fruit to eat, and both began, as the heat of the afternoon increased, to feel very faint and weak.





CHAPTER VI.

THE ROGUE ELEPHANT.

AS the sun rose higher in the sky the heat got more intense, and in those parts of the forest where the trees did not meet above, its rays came down so strongly on the heads of Mrs. Brisbane and Harry, that they scarcely knew how to bear it. There was a great silence over everything, owing to the heat, for even the insects had crept into holes and corners to get away from it as much as they could. Mrs. Brisbane carried Harry on her back, for his foot was swollen and hurt him too much to walk any farther.

She was going on very slowly and painfully when, all of a sudden, the silence was broken by a great trumpeting, followed by the crashing of boughs, and they had only just time to get behind a large tree, so

that the stem of it hid them from sight, when a huge elephant came through the underwood, treading down the bushes and long grass in his path, and making a great noise. His trunk was straight out before him, so that he showed his long, sharp white tusks as he went screaming on ; and his little tail, which is very like a pig's, was held out stiff behind him. He seemed very angry, but he went on without taking any notice of Mrs. Brisbane and Harry, who kept behind the tree. I do not think he saw them at all. If he had, perhaps he would have hurt them ; for he was so cross that he pulled up a young sapling near by the roots and threw it down, so that it hit the very tree behind which mamma and her boy had taken refuge, and made it shake with the force of the blow. The elephant went on so fast that he was soon out of sight, although for some time after the crashing of the bushes as he trod them down and broke them could be heard.

‘O mamma,’ said Harry, when he found his tongue again, ‘I was so afraid ! Were not you ? I am so glad the elephant is gone. What made him so angry ? He did not see us, do you think ?’

‘No, dear ; thank God he did not, or he would probably have trodden upon us as he did upon the shrubs in his path, and crushed us to death.’

‘What made him so angry, mamma ?’

‘I do not know unless he is what is called a “rogue elephant.”’

‘What is that, mamma?’

‘Elephants always live a good many together or else in couples, that is, two and two; and when there is an uneven number in a herd, the old elephants will sometimes turn one out to live by himself, or join another herd. Then he becomes very wild and savage, and is called a “rogue,” and will do a great deal of mischief.’

‘Do you think he was a “rogue,” mamma, that he seemed so angry?’

‘Probably, dear; for he was all alone.’

‘Do you like elephants, mamma? I don’t.’

‘Were you not fond of old Siam when he lived in our compound, and used to take care of ayah’s baba for her?’ said Mrs. Brisbane.

‘I forget. Tell me about him, mamma.’

‘When ayah wanted to leave her child at home, if she were going out to buy anything in the bazaar, she would put him on the ground in the compound, in a shady place. Then she would tell Siam to watch it, and he would go and pick a large bough off a tree, and stand before baba, and fan him whilst he slept. I have often seen ayah’s little fat, dark, roly-poly baby fast asleep in front of Siam’s great fore feet, whilst he with

the branch held in his trunk gravely kept guard over the child.'

'That was very nice and kind of him. Is Siam dead?'

'I fancy not, although I do not know where he is now. Elephants live to a great age—a hundred years and more.'

'A hundred years, mamma; that is old! Why, that is older even than you or papa, is it not?'

Mrs. Brisbane smiled. 'Little folks like you,' she said, 'think papas and mammas are always very old, don't you?'

'Tell me another story about an elephant,' continued Harry, nestling up to his mother; for after the fright the 'rogue' had given them, Mrs. Brisbane had sat down on the sapling he had turned up, to rest and recover herself a little, and Harry was sitting by her side.

'They are very clever animals,' said mamma, 'and may be taught to carry wood and pile it up, and almost to build houses. They will do anything for those who treat them kindly. Would you like to hear about the elephant I rode once when I first came to India?'

'Were you a little girl then, mamma?' asked Harry.

'No; I was as big as I am now, only a good deal younger, and I and my sister were very anxious to ride upon an elephant; for we did not know then how ve'

uneasy a seat we should have. I was staying with the Governor at a fine large house—big as a palace—called Government House; and one day he ordered an elephant so that I might ride.'

'Had the elephant a howdah on its back, mamma?'

'Yes, my dear; it had everything proper that it should have, and Annie and I climbed up on to it. Whilst he only walked I managed to sit comfortably enough. After a while we came to a tree, and the mahoot, who was the elephant's driver, told him to pick a flower and give it to the mem sahib,—meaning my sister, for she was a good deal older than I was. The elephant stopped, picked a bunch of flowers, and then turning his trunk right back over his head, offered them to Annie. Then the mahoot said, "Pick another for missy baba," and the docile beast pulled another bunch and gave them to me.'

'But what I want to know, mamma, is how he could tell that aunt Annie was older than you.'

'Oh, I do not know,' replied Mrs. Brisbane, 'unless he saw it written down in the first leaf of the family Bible.'

'Mamma, you are joking. Elephants can't read, you know that,' said Harry.

'Yes, dear, I know that; but I do not know how far the instincts of animals go: only God who made them can tell that.'

‘Was that the end of your ride?’

‘No. My sister and I were both determined to have a gallop on the elephant, so we bid the driver make him do so; but we were very glad to stop, I can assure you, for although he only went fast a very little way, we were quite bruised and sore for many days after.’

‘And did you ever ride him again?’ asked Harry.

‘Never, my dear,’ answered Mrs. Brisbane; ‘one ride was quite sufficient.’

‘But tell me,’ said Harry, ‘how they can make bad elephants like the “rogue” good.’

‘When first the poor creatures are trapped, they are very wild and savage. It is only after they are tamed that they become so docile and obedient.’

‘How do they make them tame, mamma?’ asked Harry.

‘By never allowing them to go to sleep. After they are caught, they bring them in bound with cords and chains. They fasten down each leg to the ground, and as soon as they see the poor brute shutting his eyes,—because they tire themselves very much struggling to get free,—the natives dance and yell round them, and flash lighted torches before them. Nothing wears out an animal like want of sleep; so after a while the elephant is quite bowed down with misery, and becomes gentle.’

'Is that all about elephants?' asked Harry.

'Yes,' said mamma; 'and we had best go on again. Do you think you can walk a little now?'

'I will try, mamma,' replied brave little Harry. But when he got up he limped so badly, that Mrs. Brisbane had soon to take him on her back again.

She was walking along very slowly and carefully, looking on the ground as she went; for she had heard there were snakes in the forest, and she did not wish to tread on one; for although snakes will generally slink away from any one coming near, they will bite if trodden on and hurt, and are very often poisonous. She was bending rather forward, for Harry was on her back, when she saw something dark just in her path. She thought it was a snake or viper, though really it was only an old branch of a tree,—but then fear often makes us imagine we see things which are not,—and running quickly to one side to get away from a fancied danger she ran into a real one, for she stepped right upon a hole, or soft place, into which she fell. The ground was all mire, and if it had not been that in falling Harry was sent off her shoulders, I do not think she could have managed to get out. As it was, she struggled until she was wet and dirty, much above her ankles, and was quite tired before she was on her feet again.

When Harry found his mamma could not make her

way out of the hole into which she had fallen, he called out loud with fear, but no answer came to his 'Mamma! mamma!' but a 'Ma—a—' repeated by the echo in the hills. When at last Mrs. Brisbane contrived to stand on her feet, Harry ran and hugged her very tightly—he was so pleased to have her safe and well again, though very muddy.

'I thought you were going right down,' he said. 'How unlucky you should have run just into the hole!'

Mrs. Brisbane seemed ready to agree with Harry, for she did not know then, that what she thought was an unlucky run from the snake, was really to prove a step in the right way. She did not know it until some moments later, when, coming to a familiar spot, she found they were just on the outskirts of the jungle. All at once she remembered the place, the bushes, the trees out of which the monkeys had looked, the thick hedges on either side, and beyond, the dry and dusty road to Delhi! She shaded her eyes with her hand to be sure she had not made any mistake, and looked as if she could not gaze enough. At last she said, 'Surely this is the place.'

Then they went on a few steps farther, when they came upon the buggy, with the shafts buried in the long grass, and the pony's harness all lying about in an

untidy manner, just as they had left it the morning before.

‘Yes, this is the place,’ continued Mrs. Brisbane ; ‘but papa has not yet come back to it.’ And then she sat down thinking and looking out on the road, down which the Pegu had galloped away.

‘Is papa never coming back for us?’ said Harry, beginning to cry.

His mamma did not answer him. More than twenty-four hours had now passed since they had run away from the Poonghy, and all this time she had been trying to find the place again, thinking that when she did so, she should find her husband and baby as well ; but there was no sign either of them or the pony. She felt inclined to cry out like Harry, ‘Will he never come back?’

‘What shall we do, mamma?’ said the child.

Mrs. Brisbane turned her sad eyes on him, and answered, ‘God knows.’

‘Must we go on walking, mamma? I am so tired and hungry, and my foot hurts me so,’ asked Harry.

Mrs. Brisbane thought. Then after a while she said, ‘We can only wait here, my dear. It is our only chance of seeing papa or baby again. We must wait and trust.’

Then she got up and went to the buggy, thinking they would be better sitting in it than on the ground, though

the cushion had been used for a saddle for the pony, and there was only a bare board to sit on. But she had another idea, another hope in hurrying to the carriage, and that was, that she might possibly find something to eat in it. Mr. Brisbane often took some wine and a few sandwiches or biscuits with him when he was likely to be out many hours, and by chance there might be some now in the tin case. She found and opened it, but, alas! there were only a few crumbs left from what had been there. She was very much disappointed. Then she shook the flask and took out the stopper and smelt it. Yes, there was something in that,—sherry, or sherry and water. She gave Harry a drink from it, and took another herself; and the wine seemed to put new life into them. Mrs. Brisbane then looked under the seat, when, to her joy, she found the remains of a very coarse kind of bread, such as they give the horses in India. The loaf was stale and not very clean, for it had lain for some days close by the pick and some old rope; but she and Harry ate it gladly, and thought they had never tasted anything better.

When children are inclined to waste their food, and put bits all round the rims of their plates at dinner, as if it were not nice, I sometimes think it would do them good to be really hungry, if only to show them how differently they would act.

The bread was so dry, that when Mrs. Brisbane and Harry had devoured every scrap of it, and even picked up the crumbs that fell down in breaking it, they both felt thirsty again. Mamma gave Harry his share of the wine in the flask, though at any other time she would not have let him have wine, for it is not at all a proper thing for children to drink ; but now, when they could get no water, and were weak and faint for want of food, she thought it might do him good. It made him feel quite happy and strong for a few minutes, and then he got drowsy and lay down at the bottom of the buggy to sleep. The sun was very hot indeed, although they were not just under its rays. Thus Harry slept whilst his mamma sat by, with her eyes fixed on the Delhi road. The child was feverish and restless, and he tossed about, and, dreaming he was at home, he called out 'Ayah' for his nurse, or 'Qui hi ?' Then he turned again and slept ; but Mrs. Brisbane was too unhappy to rest or close her eyes. The whole morning had passed away : and the night before they had spent in the tree, and all the day before that, and still Mr. Brisbane with the baby had not come back. If he were alive, she felt sure that she should have seen him before now ; and if he had been found and killed by the Sepoys, she would never look on him again, or even know what had taken place. Perhaps the wretched mutineers had murdered her

pretty baby also, or if they had not, and had killed his father, who was there to take care of Cyril and feed him and hush him to sleep? She did not weep, she was too grieved for that; but she sat down, feeling giddy, with a sad heart, and looked out along the road until her eyes were quite dim and ached with watching. She sat there whilst the sun was hot and after it went down, and until she shivered with the rising mist; for she had nothing to put over her summer muslin dress, and the fog made it quite damp. When it became dark she climbed up into the carriage beside Harry, who still slept, tossing about and moaning. Poor mamma could not sleep herself, but now and then she dozed a little. So these two passed away the long hours of the second night they spent in the jungle.





CHAPTER VII.

HAGAR.

WHEN the next morning dawned, Harry, who had been tossing about all night, looked hot and red in the face. His eyes were shut, and he kept moving, and talking of his ayah and baby and home. 'Papa,' he cried, 'dear papa, I will be good, indeed I will. Don't leave me; it is so hot here, the sun will burn me.' Then again, 'Just one drop, papa; look, baby is spilling it all: don't let him. Only a little drop of water, papa.' Harry talked without knowing what he said, for the heat, fatigue, and want of food had made him quite light-headed. Mrs. Brisbane saw that he did not know what he was saying, or where he was. His lips were dry, and his mouth was parched; he was in a fever, but she had no water to give him, and did not dare leave him to seek for some, for fear

she should lose herself again as she had done before, and be unable to find her way back again. She took Harry up in her arms, and went a little way into the shade, and, like Hagar, 'cast the child under one of the shrubs.'

You remember the story in the Bible of Hagar? how her mistress Sarah persuaded Abraham to send her out of the house, with her son Ishmael, into the desert, and how she wandered about with him until he lay, as she thought, dying under a bush? Poor Mrs. Brisbane was very much in the same strait as the Jewish mother Hagar. She could do nothing for her child to soothe his pain, and she could not bear to stand by helpless, and see the suffering she could not relieve; so 'she went and sat herself down over against him a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, Let me not see the death of the child; and she sat over against him, and lift up her voice and wept.' She thought of all that made her boy so dear to her—his sweet temper, his love for his papa and herself, his patience, and how during the last few days, though but a little fellow of eight years old, he had shown himself so brave and unselfish. He had not added to her care and grief by complaints, because he was hungry and thirsty and cold, with no nice bed to lie on. He had walked on, though tired, cheerfully, until he hurt his foot and could

walk no more ; and with it all, he had been good-tempered, and kept up his spirits like a plucky English boy. And now her darling was dying from want of water, and from being out in the night air and the damp—dying before her fond eyes, and she without power to help it. She did not feel hungry herself any more now, only sick and giddy. It was mid-day, and the sun was hot ; and Mrs. Brisbane sat hour after hour only waiting that they might both die. She no longer even hoped that her husband would come back ; she felt sure he must have been killed, and, with Harry dying also, what had she to live for ? Every now and then she stole a glance towards where he lay. He was quieter now than he had been, and looked very pale. Mamma took his hand in hers to feel if it were warm, for she fancied at first that he might be dead—he lay so still. But Harry was not dead, he was only asleep. Then his mother went over again to the place where she had been sitting, and bowed her head upon her hands, and tried not to complain.

Towards the afternoon, as Mrs. Brisbane sat helpless and hopeless, she saw a group of people coming towards her, and as they got nearer she found they were all natives. Then she said to herself, ‘These men will surely kill us—I wish it was all over ;’ and she shut her eyes. I think, had she not been so weak and ill

herself, that her first idea would have been to have run over to where Harry lay, to try and keep off all danger from him, for as long a time as she could, but she was so unhappy ; she did not feel as if she cared what happened to her, and so tired, she could scarcely move or stand. The men soon caught sight of her, and began running to where she was, crying out something she did not understand. She supposed it was because they were eager to kill her, but she did not stir—only watched them as they came towards her. The foremost of them, who looked quite kind, called out to her, 'Mem sahib—no hurting you—no need running away ; you sitting still.'

Then Mrs. Brisbane looked up and said, 'Who are you, and what do you want ? Have you come to kill us ?'

'No such ting, missy. Who you ?' replied the man.

'I am an officer's widow, and shall be childless also soon,' said Mrs. Brisbane, as she pointed with her finger to where Harry lay. 'I have lost my husband and my baby, and this one is dying.'

'Your sahib, mem, wearing baba tied round with red sash, was he ?' asked the man.

'Yes, yes,' cried Mrs. Brisbane, eagerly starting up in spite of her weakness ; 'have you seen him ? have you seen my husband and my baby ?'

‘Surely, mem,’ replied the man; ‘officer sahib all alive—baba all alive. We coming searching you.’

Then Mrs. Brisbane burst into tears, fell down on her knees, and clasped her hands in thankfulness to God for such good news. He had sent His angel to her in the desert; not an angel with white wings, but an angel all the same, in the person of that kind man.

‘Where is my husband?’ she asked. ‘Why did he not come with you?’

‘Sick,’ answered the native, with a nod. ‘We taking mem sahib to him.’

Mrs. Brisbane was all anxiety to go to her husband now. The men had brought some food and water with them, and when Harry had had a good drink, he opened his eyes, and then mamma found that the deep sleep he had lain so still in some hours, had done him great good, and he was no longer light-headed, for the fever was gone. She clasped him in her arms, and kissed him; and they both felt very grateful for their present joy.

Some of the men were on horseback, and one of them put his beast into the shafts of the buggy, by means of the bits of harness still there. Then Mrs. Brisbane and Harry got into it, whilst the man led the horse on by the bridle in the direction the Pegu had taken Mr. Brisbane and baby. Mamma and Harry sat

side by side, quite content to go on slowly, since they knew that every step brought them nearer to the dear ones they had lost. Mrs. Brisbane did not ask the men any questions about how they had met with her husband and Cyril, or how it happened they had come to look for them. The grief and anxiety, the fatigue and want she had undergone the last few days, had left their effects upon her, and she could not exert herself to speak just then. She was too much overcome with the new feeling of happiness and safety ; so, with Harry pressed close to her, she slept long and soundly.





CHAPTER VIII.

WHERE THE PEGU WENT.

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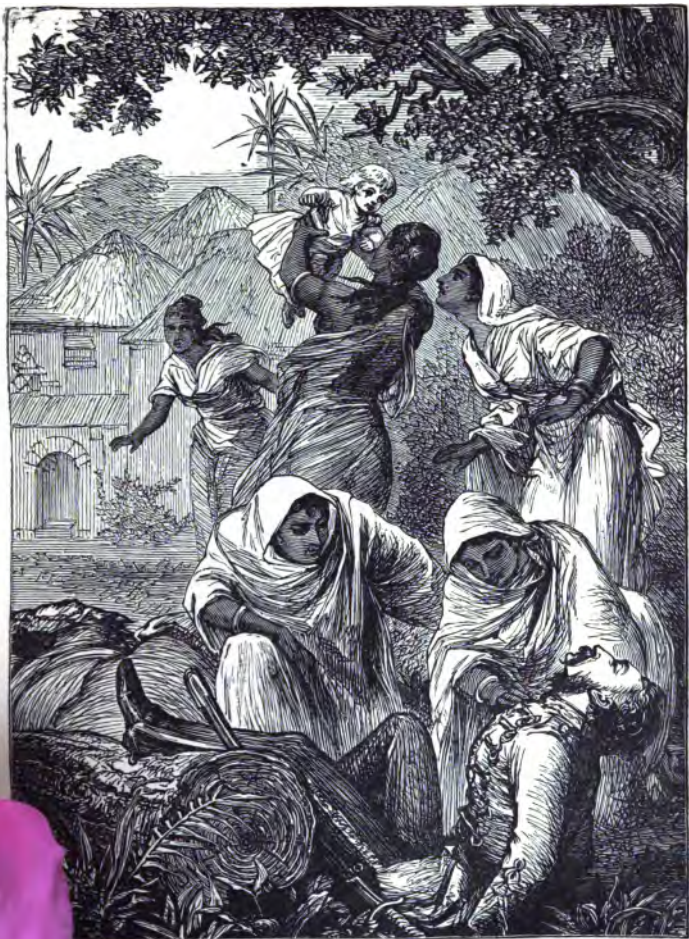
Mr. Brisbane thrown from his horse.—*Page 67.*



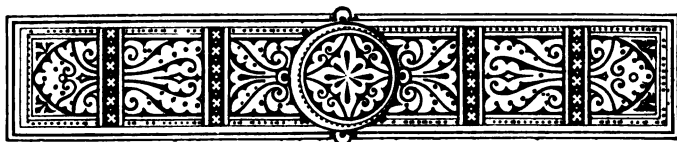
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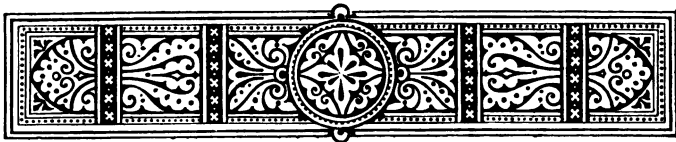
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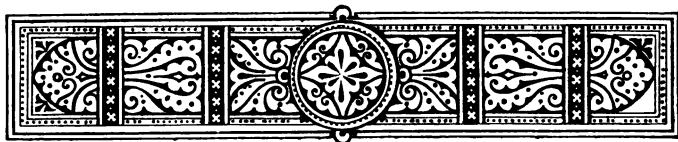
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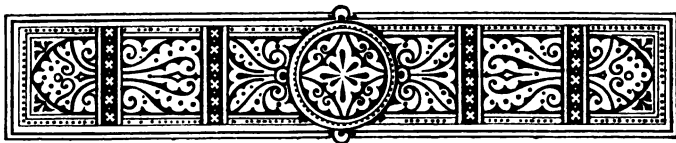
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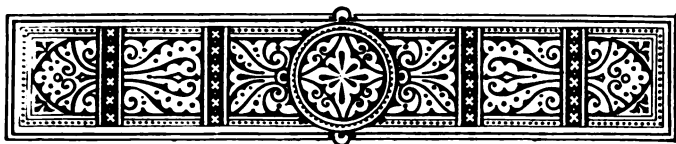
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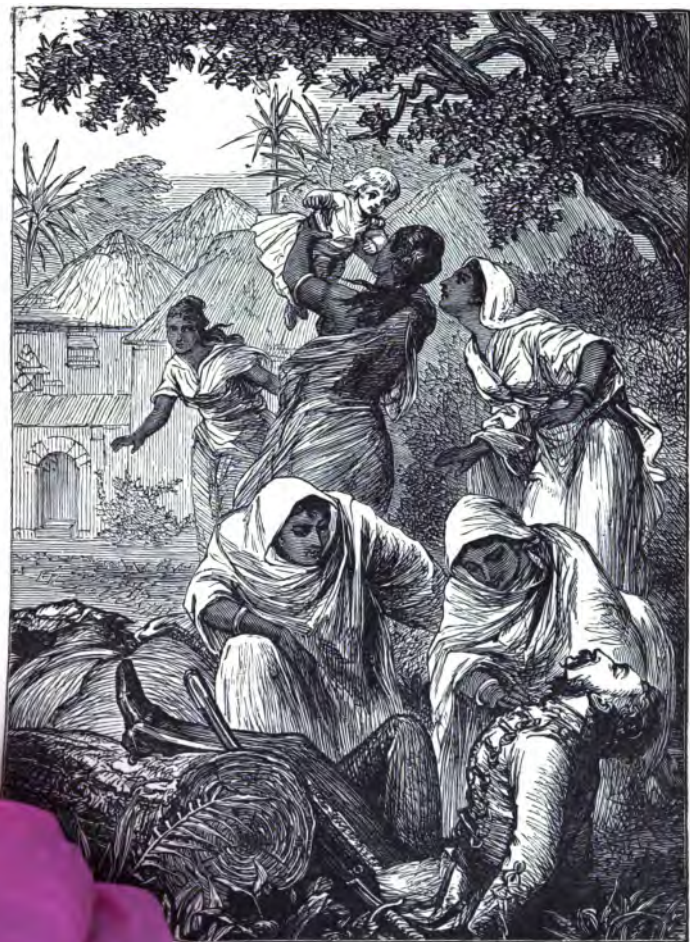
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him, as the reins were not on the headstall, having been used to fasten the cushion on as a saddle, so that the bit was useless to pull him in by. All Mr. Brisbane could do was to try and stick on by pressing his knees against the horse's sides, and this he did. After galloping two or three miles, they came to a native village of a few huts built of bamboo, and thatched with grass. Here was a fallen tree just across their path, which Rufus, blind with fear, ran against, and in so doing fell down, and sent Mr. Brisbane right over his head. Some women ran out of one of the houses at the noise, when they saw, to their great surprise, what they thought was a dead pony with a dead man beside him.

Cyril was alive,—there was no doubt of that,—for the baby, who, from the speed with which he had been carried, had had no breath to scream before, now roared lustily. He was not hurt, for his father, falling face downwards, had broken the baby's fall; and Cyril, still strapped to his back, was quite uninjured. At first, the women stared at the officer lying there as if dead; then they went up to the pony, who was past help, for he had knocked his brains out with the force of the blow he had given himself against the tree. After that, one of them began to undo the sash that bound the baby to his father. They chattered over him in a language he did not understand, and one carried him

off to her hut, where she got him some boiled rice in a bowl, with a little warm milk, and began to feed him. Before long Cyril was quite happy, for a young child only wants to be kept warm, and have plenty to eat, to be content. The woman, seeing he was sleepy, hushed him in her arms, and then went and placed him in the cot with her own little boy, who was asleep. Indian native children do not wear any clothes at all, so that they look very funny running about ; for their round, fat bodies shine with the oil rubbed over them by their mothers, and they roll or caper like so many eels. This rubbing themselves with oil is a necessary precaution against insects, otherwise the mosquitoes would bite them to death.

Indians are not the same race as the African negroes. They are not nearly so dark, their hair is straight instead of being woolly, and their features are delicate ; so that some of the children and young people are very pretty.

The dark-skinned baby, by whose side Cyril was put, was hanging in a hammock, or kind of bed, swung on to the bough of a tree ; and when his mamma put the white child in, she gave it a push that set it swinging backwards and forwards, so that it rocked the children to sleep.

Mr. Brisbane lay without sense or motion, which

made the women think he was dead, but he was not dead; only he had hit his head in falling, and that was the reason he lay so still. After chattering over him, and touching him, they left him lying where he was, and busied themselves attending to Cyril.

Towards evening the men came back from their work, when they also drew near the fallen man to look at him, and then they talked a good deal, but that was all. It was not until Mr. Wilson, the missionary, happened to pass that way that anything at all was done. This gentleman felt Mr. Brisbane's pulse, and his heart, and found he was still alive; so he ordered the natives to take him into one of their huts, and undress him, and lay him on a mat. After that, Mr. Wilson washed his head, and cut off the hair where he saw a large wound, and finally bound it up with a cloth. Mr. Brisbane groaned whilst his head was being dressed, but did not seem to recover his senses, except to fall asleep, for he had lost a great deal of blood, and was very weak from it.

The men could not tell Mr. Wilson how the wounded officer got there, and the women only talked all at once, so that he was obliged to be content to know nothing at all.

This village was many miles from Delhi, and they had no letters, or newspapers, or telegraph wires to

bring them news, so that the natives were quite ignorant of the mutiny having taken place, and some of them had only now and then seen an English officer. They were very curious to look at his red coat and sash, his shako and sword belt; and after these things were all taken off him, they examined them very carefully, particularly the gold lace and buttons, which they fancied might be real, and of immense value.

These people go almost naked, wearing nothing on their bodies excepting what they call a cloth, which is a piece of white calico round their loins. The rest of their costume is bare skin—naked feet and arms and hands; quite funny they look, I assure you.

All this while Mr. Brisbane had not spoken, whilst the missionary sat by him in the hut, trying to make him sensible by bathing his face with cold water. Little Cyril was quite at home in the cot beside the native baby, and they coo'd and crowed to each other in a language understood by both. Father and baby were as unconscious of where they were as Mrs. Brisbane and Harry up in the tree, listening to the 'Tuctoo.'

The next morning, when Mr. Brisbane awoke, he found himself lying on a straw mat on the floor of a hut, but without any idea how he got there. The place was such a one as he had never seen before,—bare walls, and rafters loosely put together for a roof; an

earthen floor, made hard and firm by being trodden on ; and a couple of stools, with a few cooking pots and pans for furniture. A woman was washing some rice at one end of the hut, and Mr. Brisbane asked her where he was, and how he came there ; but she did not understand a word of English, so she only showed her white teeth. Then an idea seemed to strike her, and she opened her mouth very wide, and pointed with one finger down her throat,—meaning, Was he hungry ? Mr. Brisbane nodded his head, when she went out, but soon came back again with some roasted plantains, which she gave him. Plantains are a vegetable, which taste very like sweet potatoes or chestnuts. When he had finished eating these, the woman brought him some water in a gourd to drink, and then Mr. Brisbane tried again to make her understand what he wanted to know. It was no good, for all the answer he could get was a great deal of nodding and grinning and showing of teeth ; for he did not speak much of her language, and she spoke not one word of his. Then Mr. Brisbane tried to get up, to go out of the hut to see for himself, but in moving he fainted. The Indian gave a yell, and rushed out to tell the rest, that the white man was dead again, leaving him to come round at his leisure. These poor people, however, were very kind to him and baby, and did all they could for them. The

men were away at field work in the day, so that the women of the village—which consisted of a few huts only—were left alone.

At one time the father heard a child's scream, and thought it was little Cyril's voice, but he was quite unable to move that he might go and see. It was not Cyril, but the native baby, who was older, and could just toddle about. His mother was in the habit of giving him a piece of rice bread, or plantain, to keep him quiet when she was busy, and the little fellow would walk up and down the place by himself whilst eating it. There was a large monkey belonging to these people, and when he had watched the women all out of sight, and supposed the child to be quite alone, he would come slyly down from a tree, snatch the food from his hand, and run away again with it. The scream from the child that followed this theft generally brought his mother out, but only to find that the monkey was already safe up in the tree again, out of reach, devouring the dainty. The day before, however, she had watched, and as soon as the monkey took hold of the food, had rushed out with a stick and given him a good beating. These animals are held sacred by many of the natives, and thought to be gods, but that did not prevent the woman from giving the monkey a sound whipping for stealing. To-day the child was

alone as usual, and had a nice hot roasted plantain in his hand ; but he had hardly put it to his mouth when a scream was heard,—the scream Mr. Brisbane fancied was given by Cyril,—and the big monkey had again taken away the food. The mother ran out, armed with her stick, as the monkey was just preparing to get up a tree, but he saw her ; and remembering the beating he had got the day before, what do you think this greedy but clever brute did ? He ran back to the crying child, and put the plantain into his hand again, and then jumped up a tree as fast as he could.

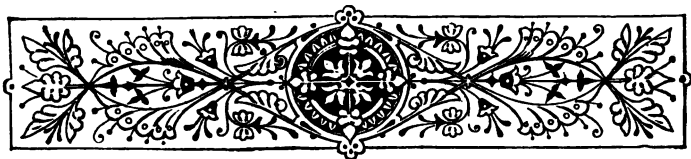
Whilst talking of monkeys, I should like to tell you an anecdote of one, which has nothing to do with this story, but is such an amusing tale that I think you will be pleased to hear it :—

A monkey was once sent by train, with the address of the person for whom he was intended, tied on to his collar ; but when he arrived at the end of his journey, the direction was gone. He had picked it off with his busy, mischief-loving fingers, and torn it up. The porter who took him out of the van went and told the stationmaster that there was a monkey, but without any address on him, and asked what he was to do with him. The stationmaster told the porter he had best shut him up in his own little room, until some one came to claim him. This the porter did. Next day

he came to his master, and said : 'That there monkey, sir, have been a taking of a box of pills. He's very ill, sir ; what am I to do with him ?' So the station-master went into the porter's room, where he found Jacko seated on a little sill just above the door, with one hand to his head, and the other pressed against his stomach. There was no doubt he was sick,—very sick indeed,—for he had taken some Cockle's pills off the mantelpiece, and swallowed them, box and all ; and they had proved too strong a dose even for a monkey. Some hours afterwards, when he felt better, Jacko came down from his seat over the door, and sat and watched the porter as he made up the fire before leaving the room. There was a scuttle of coals in one corner, and in another a box—very like it to look at—filled with fog-signals. These are things made with gunpowder, and go off with a loud noise when a light is put to them. The porter threw all the coals left in the scuttle on to the fire, and then went away to attend to his duties outside. As soon as he was gone, the monkey thought he would imitate him, and make up the fire also ; so he went for the coals, but when he found the scuttle was empty, he took the box of fog-signals, and threw them all on to the fire instead. There was a loud report, and a great flame, and smoke. The porter ran up at once, but only in time to see the whole front

of his room blown out with the force of the gunpowder, and the monkey scampering away across the fields as fast as he could, very much frightened at what he had done. 'Blessed if it ain't that 'ere monkey,' said the porter. And that is the end of the story, for Jacko was never seen or heard of again.





CHAPTER IX.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

MR. BRISBANE lay on the mat on the floor of the Indian hut, too weak from loss of blood to move. He wanted to know about Cyril and the pony, and how he had got there; but it was of no use asking questions of persons who could not understand what he said to them, and if he tried to get up, it made him faint away. He endured much pain of mind and body all this time, for he did not know what had become of his wife and Harry any more than of Cyril, and he felt as if he were doing wrong to lie idle there, though he could not help himself. Towards the evening Mr. Wilson came again to see him and dress his wounded head; and you may imagine how glad Mr. Brisbane was, who was dozing, to be wakened up by a voice speaking in English to him, and

saying, 'How are you to-night? I hope your head is better?'

Mr. Brisbane started and opened his eyes wide; he grasped the hand the other held out to him, and thought how kind he looked.

'How did I come here?' he asked. 'Can you tell me? Have you heard anything of my wife and child and my baby? Are they alive and safe?'

'Make your mind easy about baby,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'he is quite safe, and well taken care of. He was firmly tied round you when you fell, and, wonderful to say, quite unhurt.'

Mr. Wilson had, by dint of inquiry, at last found out all about the accident to Mr. Brisbane and the pony.

'Did I fall? I forget,' said Mr. Brisbane, putting his hand to his head. 'The Pegu bolted; that is all I remember. Have you seen my wife and child?'

'No,' answered Mr. Wilson very gravely; 'I only know that your horse dashed into this village yesterday, and fell over the trunk of a tree, killing himself on the spot, and leaving you senseless on the ground.'

'Yesterday!' cried Mr. Brisbane, starting up very excited. 'Good God! my wife! I must get up at once.'

But the effort was too much for him; his head reeled, and he fell back unconscious. He did not recover his

senses again until later, when he found Mr. Wilson still watching him, very anxious and grave.

Mr. Brisbane's first words upon regaining his senses were, that he must go and look for his wife and child whom he had left in the jungle.

'Two days,' he said, 'without food, and exposed to all kinds of danger! They are probably dead already, but I must go and look for them at once.'

'You cannot move at present,' replied Mr. Wilson. 'You are under my care, and even if you were able to go, I should not allow it. It is too late to-night to do anything, but the first thing to-morrow morning I will send some people to search; and if your wife and child are still alive, they will be found. I know a man living not far from here who speaks English. He shall take others with him, and go and seek them in the jungle. I would go myself, but that I should get lost in it, as you would also were you able even to go.'

Then Mr. Wilson, who had only heard rumours of the mutiny, but knew nothing for certain, asked Mr. Brisbane all about it; and was told by him how officers and their families had been shot by the Sepoys, and how they had had to escape for their lives; also of the accident that had happened to the pony.

'I do not know what could have frightened him,' said Mr. Brisbane, 'but he started off so suddenly that I had

herself, that he had
run over to save her
danger from him.
she was so unhappy
what happened to
move or stand
and began running
thing she did
because the
stir—only
The form
out to
run

1. What is the main purpose of the text?
 2. What are the main points of the text?
 3. What are the main arguments of the text?
 4. What are the main conclusions of the text?
 5. What are the main recommendations of the text?
 6. What are the main findings of the text?
 7. What are the main implications of the text?
 8. What are the main limitations of the text?
 9. What are the main strengths of the text?
 10. What are the main weaknesses of the text?

make him feverish, and prevent the wounds in his head getting well. So he bid him 'Good night,' and to be of good courage, as he would see him early the next morning.

Before going, however, he spoke to those of his people who had taken Mr. Brisbane's clothes, and told them that they must give them back to him. At this they looked very sorry, particularly the woman who had taken his shako, as they did not like to give them up. But Mr. Wilson, who had for some time been trying to teach them that it was wrong to lie, and cheat, and steal, told them that they had no right to take what belonged to another person, and that they must return the clothes at once. So the gentleman who had got Mr. Brisbane's scarlet tunic, and the other, who had already picked all the gold lace off his trousers, took them back with very sad faces, and went into the hut and offered them to their owner in a dejected manner.

'What is this?' said the sick man. 'I do not know what they say.'

Then the missionary explained that his people had so much admired the officer's finery that they had been unable to resist the temptation of taking it; but he hoped Mr. Brisbane would forgive them, as they were sorry, and had come to return it him.

'Poor creatures!' returned he; 'they have been very kind to me. Let them keep the uniform if they like; it

will only expose me to danger. I shall escape notice more easily in a less remarkable dress—one of yours, for instance—which perhaps you could provide me with when I am well enough to quit this bed. Only one thing I must have returned—my sword.'

For the last thing a gentleman and a soldier would give up would be his sword.

'Let them keep the rest, and welcome,' continued Mr. Brisbane.

When Mr. Wilson reported this to the natives, their delight was extreme; and they made such a noise that he was obliged to turn them out of the place as if they had been so many children. The girl who had possessed herself of the sword and belt brought it back very reluctantly; but Mr. Brisbane made her a present of the gold tassel or knot belonging to it, which pleased her greatly, and she put it away carefully to sell at some future time.

Early in the morning of the next day, before Mr. Wilson paid his patient a visit, he sent off a band of men, with the one who spoke English at their head, with orders to search the outskirts of the jungle near the Delhi road first, and if they did not see anything of a lady and child there, to go farther into it.

Now you will understand how it was that the men were friendly when they met with Mrs. Brisbane and Harry, and where it was they were taking them.



CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

MR. WILSON, the missionary, came out every now and then from the hut where Mr. Brisbane lay, and where he had been sitting with him, and trying by kind words to keep up his spirits, to see whether the men were returning from their search after Mrs. Brisbane and Harry in the jungle. He came out to look more than once in vain, for they had been obliged to go some miles, and were to return the same way, and they could not go so fast, as most of them were on foot. At length—it was the third or fourth time of his coming to look—he saw a cloud of dust round a carriage, with some men near it; and although he did not know that Mrs. Brisbane and Harry would arrive in the buggy, he hoped it might be them. But he did not like to go back and tell Mr. Brisbane, who was lying

anxious and expecting, for fear he might be mistaken, or that even if found, his wife and child might be either dead or very ill. So he waited until the carriage with the men got quite near, when he saw that a woman and child were together in it, fast asleep in each other's arms, but so pale and still that he did not know whether they were alive or not. He feared the worst, and was much relieved by the leader of the band crying out to him,—

‘All right, sahib. We bringing them here. Mem sahib all lively. Massa baba all lively.’

Not that there was much liveliness left in poor little Harry just then, but the native's English was not very good, although he was quite proud of it himself. Then Mr. Wilson ran quickly back into the hut to tell the sick man at once the glad tidings of the safety of his wife and child.

‘Cheer up,’ he cried gaily; ‘they are found. They are here, safe and well. They will be with you in one minute;’ and then he went out again to help them from the carriage.

Although Mr. Wilson said they were ‘safe and well,’ and the leader of the band ‘all lively,’ poor Mrs. Brisbane and Harry looked anything but in a lively state when they stood upon the grass outside the hut. They were both pale and wan, and Harry quite lame;

but with the help of Mr. Wilson's arm, Mrs. Brisbane managed to walk to where her husband lay, and I think the joy they both felt at seeing each other again alive, made them quite forget their present pain and weakness. Then Cyril was fetched, and mamma kissed and fondled him, and was a very happy woman just then. But not one of the three elders was in a condition to travel, so that Mr. Wilson advised them to remain for the present where they were, and quietly think over the best means of getting away from the village, when they should all be well and strong again.

'I hardly like to live upon these poor people any longer,' said Mr. Brisbane, 'for I do not know how I shall ever be able to repay their kindness to me. I do not like putting them to the expense of feeding and keeping myself and my family.'

'Make your mind quite easy on that score,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'the slight expense you are to them with regard to your food is really not worth mentioning. I will make it up to them. So small a kindness you must not mind accepting from a fellow-countryman.'

'A thousand thanks,' said Mr. Brisbane. 'I wish it may ever lie in my power to do as much for you. At present, as you know, I have no money, and not even a suit of clothes.'

When Mrs. Brisbane and Harry had eaten a good

breakfast of warm rice and milk, they lay down on the floor of the hut to sleep, by Mr. Wilson's orders, who had already elected himself their doctor, and said it was the best medicine he could think of for them. They awoke much refreshed, and then Mr. Wilson saw that the child was quite lame.

'What is the matter with your foot, my boy?' he asked.

'It hurts me,' answered Harry. 'It hurts most when I try to walk. I trod upon something in the jungle when I was hopping on one leg without my shoe.'

'Let me look at it, my child,' said the kind missionary; and he took off Harry's shoe and stocking. Then he saw that the place was red and swollen.

'This must be attended to,' he continued. 'Aneyhma!' he called; and when the woman came, he showed her Harry's foot. She nodded and grinned, and went off at once to fetch something.

'The natives are very clever in the use of healing herbs,' said Mr. Wilson. 'Aneyhma will make you a poultice in no time.'

Shortly afterwards she returned with some leaves in a bowl, which she had boiled and mashed up until they looked like a mass of spinach. This she put on to Harry's foot and bound it round with a piece of rag, so

that any one would have thought he had the gout. The heat and pain of the wound got better almost at once, although he laughed at what he called his 'spinach poultice,' and declared he did not believe it was of any good. Mr. and Mrs. Brisbane remained quietly in the Indian village for some weeks, during which time his head got well, and she quite recovered her strength. Harry's lameness, thanks to Aneyhma's new-fashioned treatment, was cured in a day or two ; so that he was able to walk about with Mr. Wilson, to whom he had taken a great fancy.

'This is such a nice place,' he said to him one time, 'that I should like to stay here all my life. I like it much better than our bungalow at Delhi, and the compound there was so dusty, whilst here it is all nice soft grass to walk on. Besides, I like sleeping in a hut ; don't you ?'

'I do not think I should like to live entirely in this village, Harry,' replied Mr. Wilson ; 'neither would you, I imagine, were you a little older ; but no doubt it is a pretty and peaceful spot, and you are quite right to try and make yourself happy in whatever position it may please God to place you.'

'Oh!' cried Harry suddenly, in great glee, 'if there is not that funny old monkey again. What is he making at us for ?'

'That fellow belongs to the village, and is kept at the public expense,' said Mr. Wilson; 'at least he keeps himself by stealing all he can lay hands on. He is no favourite of mine.'

This was the monkey who always took the native baby's food away from him whenever he could.

'Do you not like monkeys, sir?' asked Harry.

'Well—no—I cannot say that I do,' answered Mr. Wilson; 'but they are amusing brutes, and their powers of imitation are wonderful. Did you ever hear of the Borneo ape? I will tell you a story about him. When I was in England last, there was one of this kind at the Zoological Gardens, who was so savage that none of the keepers dared go into his cage, even to clean it. They used to hand him a wisp of straw at the end of a pitchfork, so that he might clean it out for himself. There are few animals that are not afraid of a man, that is, provided he is not afraid of them. I am something of a naturalist, and I wished to examine this ape's hands and mouth, so I went to the Gardens to pay him a visit. I kept my eyes fixed on the brute as I opened his cage and walked into it. He was quite quiet, and allowed me to go up to him, pat him on the shoulder in a friendly way, feel and examine his hand, and then open his mouth to see his teeth and jaw. All this while I kept my eyes fixed upon him, for I was not at all sure

that he would not bite me. When I had finished inspecting the ape, I backed slowly out of his cage as if he had been no less a personage than Her Majesty the Queen, keeping my eye all the time upon him until I reached the door. Then I had to turn round, as I could not jump into the space below the cage on to the floor backwards. As I did so the ape sprang upon me, and grasped me by the shoulder, so that the people near were very much frightened, and thought he was going to tear me to pieces. I confess,' said Mr. Wilson, laughing, 'that I did not feel very comfortable myself. But I need not have been afraid, for he only gave me two or three friendly slaps, then felt my hand, and opened my mouth to look at my teeth and jaw, passing his long hairy fingers along them, as I had done to his.'

'Oh, how funny of him!' cried Harry; 'but I should have been so much afraid of his hurting me, had I been you, Mr. Wilson. Was that all the story?'

'Oh no! I often saw him again, and although he was as savage as ever to his keepers, who most likely had been rough with him, he was always very much pleased to see me. In fact, I did not always like his way of showing his affection, as he would put his arm round me, and his face nearer to mine than I cared to have it.'

‘Were you long in England? I thought you had lived all your life here,’ said Harry.

‘No, my boy, I was not always an Indian missionary. I have travelled a great deal.’

‘May I sit down, sir?’ asked Harry as they came to the fallen tree where the Pegu had met his death. ‘I am a little tired.’

‘By all means. This is the spot where your father was thrown, and the horse killed,’ replied Mr. Wilson.

‘Poor Rufus,’ said Harry with moist eyes; ‘I am so sorry he is dead. I loved him so much, and he was such a nice pony. Have you a pony, and are you fond of him?’

‘I have a horse,’ answered Mr. Wilson, ‘but I cannot say that I am very much attached to him. I keep him because he is strong and useful; but he is rather vicious, as most native horses are.’

‘I used to feed and pet poor Rufus,’ returned Harry; ‘and he knew me quite well.’

‘A friend of mine once had a horse he used to pet very much, and was very fond of; and this animal—’ began Mr. Wilson.

‘Oh yes, do tell me,’ said Harry, in his eagerness to hear the story.

‘Patience, my little man,’ replied the missionary good-humouredly; ‘all in time. It was during the Carlist

war in Spain some years ago, before you were born. Mr. Fordyce was a volunteer.'

'What is that?' asked Harry.

'A soldier who gets no pay,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'one who fights chiefly to please himself. This horse was not a particularly handsome animal, but he was very docile and sensible; and when his master had to sleep out of doors at night, he used to lie down between the horse's fore and hind legs, close up against his body, and make a pillow of it for his head. He was such an affectionate beast, that he would not stir when Mr. Fordyce lay near him, for fear of hurting him; and he sometimes amused himself by pretending not to hear the trumpet-call in the morning, which was the signal for the soldiers to get up and mount their horses. Señor—that was the animal's name—would first whine to let Mr. Fordyce know that the trumpet had sounded; but when he found this did not wake him, he would push at him with his nose until he got up and buckled on his sword, and saddled Señor to ride away. But the horse never thought of rising himself until his master was safe on his feet, for fear of hurting him.'

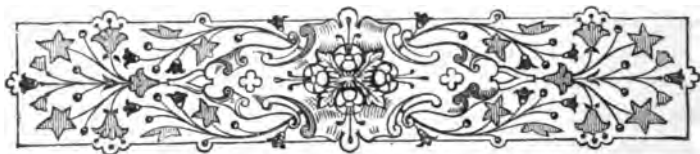
'And where is Señor now, sir?' asked Harry.

was killed by a shot. War is a cruel game to
d horses both, my boy,' replied Mr. Wilson.

'I am going to be a soldier like papa,' said Harry, holding up his head as if he were no less than a commander-in-chief already.

'Well, then, mind you are a good and a brave one,' answered Mr. Wilson ; 'but I think it is time now we went in to see if your father wants anything.'





CHAPTER XI.

PREPARING TO LEAVE.

THE next day was Sunday, when Mr. Wilson was in the habit of holding a kind of service in the open air. He had no chapel or pulpit or reading-desk, but the blue sky above was the roof of his church, and the grass and fallen trees the floor and seats in it. The natives of the village were good, simple people who liked to be taught, and agreed to everything the missionary told them by nodding their heads; and he hoped in time that they would not only nod their heads, but follow the precepts he tried to make them understand. They had no bell by which to let the rest know that it was the hour to begin prayers; so that when Mr. Wilson was ready, he would clap his hands, and then those who were waiting clapped their hands also. Harry, who was one of the first on the spot,

clapped his hands longer and louder than the rest, saying it was to make papa and mamma come quick. Then Mrs. Brisbane came out of the hut, with her husband, dressed in a suit of brown holland the missionary had got for him, leaning on her arm. He looked very white and thin, and had a bandage round his head ; but Mrs. Brisbane found him a seat on the trunk of a large tree, and before long the sweet morning air revived him, for the service took place very early. Mr. Wilson looked round before he opened his book, to see if any of his flock were missing ; for it was such a small one, that he knew each member by sight, and then he found that several were absent. He was about to make some remarks when he saw all eyes turned in the same direction ; Mr. and Mrs. Brisbane, both very grave, looking on the ground, and Harry growing red in the face with trying not to laugh. Harry knew it was very wrong to laugh in church during the service, so he tried not ; but he did not quite succeed in checking his mirth, though he stuffed his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth and nearly choked himself. I think there was some excuse for the little boy's conduct, as it is very difficult not to laugh when one is amused ; and what Harry saw was very amusing, at least to him, as well as his papa and mamma. For, coming after those who were late, mimicking their walk as well as he could, was the

monkey, who seemed to be in disgrace with them all. He had seen the gold lace being unripped from the trousers, and the cuffs and collar of Mr. Brisbane's uniform, and the gilt buttons taken off; so, wishing to imitate the natives, he had got hold of the rest of the clothes and torn them into strips; and it was trying to get these away from him that had caused the delay in coming to church. The natives were very angry with the monkey, and the more they scolded him, the more he scolded them. Mr. Wilson desired that he should be driven away, and this some one did with great alacrity by the help of a big stick.

'Do not laugh, dear,' said mamma to Harry in a low voice. 'Look the other way.'

'O mamma,' replied the child, 'I cannot help it; I never saw anything so funny;' and he saw mamma herself could hardly help smiling at the odd appearance of the natives and the monkey. Luckily, however, for her little boy's good behaviour, the monkey was got rid of before Mr. Wilson began the service, and then there was nothing further to call off his attention. As soon as the prayers were over, Harry ran to see what had become of the monkey, when he found the natives busy arranging the treasures he had had the impudence to interfere with.

'Papa, I say,' said Harry, running into the hut quite

out of breath ; 'did you give them your things, or did they steal them? It was so funny, I wish you had come to see.'

'I did see the monkey the other day, my dear, but I was too ill and anxious about you and your mother to laugh,' replied Mr. Brisbane.

'But did you give them your nice uniform, papa?'

again asked Harry.

'Yes, dear ; I said they might keep it if they liked,' answered his father. 'This,' pointing to his linen suit, 'is much more comfortable, and safer to wear at present.'

Harry had been so amused at seeing the men and the monkey quarrelling, that he wanted to run out again to look at them ; but his father told him it was too hot for him to be in the sun, and that he had best remain indoors with little Cyril and his mamma. It was more than a month now since they had escaped from Delhi, but all this while Mr. Brisbane had heard no news of the mutiny, and did not know at all how things were going. Their only way of escape was by getting to England, but to do this they must travel much more than a thousand miles by land, before they could get a ship to take them across the sea home, and Mr. Brisbane said that he should not feel that his wife and children were really safe until they stood

on English ground. How often at this time would mamma think of her two little girls, Mary and Janet, playing with Tommy in the orchard under the apple-trees, and wish that she and Harry and baby were with them !

When another week had gone by, and Mr. Brisbane's head was well, and mamma quite as strong as ever she was, they had a long talk with Mr. Wilson one evening.

'I think,' said Mr. Brisbane, 'that we might manage to begin our journey now, only that I am very undecided what it is best to do. We must have a couple of horses at least, as my wife and the children are unable to walk any distance. What do you advise?'

'I daresay I can manage to get you the horses,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'for I have been inquiring about some already, and think I know of two good, useful animals that would just do for you.'

'And what about our clothes?' said Mr. Brisbane. 'This suit will suit me well enough, but my wife and the children are as yet non-suited.'

Mr. Wilson smiled at papa's mild joke, and answered, 'The less remarkable your dress is the better. Of course with your white faces you will be known for Europeans
'hat do you say to staining them? I

cannot promise that it will add to your beauty, Mrs. Brisbane,' said Mr. Wilson, laughing and bowing to the lady.

'I do not mind what I do,' replied she, 'so that we get away to some place of safety. I will paint myself any colour you like—blue or green or red.'

'What fun it would be to paint ourselves like the clown in my play-book, mamma!' said Harry, who was a happy little boy, and went through life with a smile on his face.

'Do not chatter,' replied mamma; 'we are talking, Harry.'

'But seriously, Mr. Wilson,' she continued to that gentleman, 'what dress do you think I and the children had best adopt?'

'My advice is that you stain your face and hands, and roll yourself into a kind of bundle, as the ayahs do when they are in state dress. The children might pass as two under your care, and would thus be less likely to attract attention. Harry and Cyril cannot well go without any clothes at all, and dressed they will not be mistaken for native children. Besides, the baby need not be seen at all.'

'But where shall we get anything to dye our faces with?' asked Mrs. Brisbane.

'Aneyhma shall get you what you want,' returned

Mr. Wilson. 'There are leaves about here, which only by boiling down will give you a fine copper colour, and one which you will not be able to wash off for some time.'

'And when do you think we can begin our journey?' asked Mr. Brisbane.

Mr. Wilson considered a little, and then he said, 'By the day after to-morrow everything shall be ready—the horses, the clothes, and the dye. You must also take some provisions with you, in case you do not come to any place where you can buy food, or where it may not be safe to do so. I know the country pretty well about this neighbourhood, and will draw out a plan to guide you at starting. After that you must inquire your way. I suppose you will make for the nearest port where you may find an English ship.'

'I shall try and get to Madras,' replied Mr. Brisbane. 'It was quiet enough there when I left Delhi. The mutiny had not spread so far.'

'Well, good night,' said Mr. Wilson. 'I will leave you now, and see about getting the horses before I sleep; and to-morrow you shall know for certain when you can set off.' After saying which, he left them.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisbane talked for a long while over their plans, until Harry got quite tired of listening, and at last fell asleep. Then he dreamed he was a native

boy running about in very scant attire, or that he was riding two horses at once, with the big monkey astride his back. When he awoke he found he had been undressed and put to bed, for he opened his eyes lying on his mat.





CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY.

NEXT morning Mr. Wilson came quite early, bringing with him a man and two horses. One of them was grey, and the other brown; and Harry declared them to be 'beauties, both of them.'

'Has not the grey one a nice tail, mamma?' he said.
'May not I ride him? Do say yes.'

'I am afraid you must give up your favourite to mamma,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'as he is the quieter of the two, and will not complain of being overburdened. We have no side-saddle, therefore I have contrived a kind of pannier, as I thought it would be the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Brisbane and baby. She will also have to take charge of the larder.'

'How can we ever thank you enough?' said Mr.

Brisbane to the missionary, 'for your kindness and forethought?' And then they went to look at the saddle or pannier.

It was a contrivance, sure enough, and a very odd one too. It was something like a chair with the legs cut off, from the seat of which hung bands of leather to hold up a deep basket; and this is how it was intended to be used. Mrs. Brisbane was to sit in the chair on the horse's back, with Cyril in her arms, whilst her feet rested in the basket on the top of the provisions. Papa was to ride the brown horse, with a thick cloth bound round him in place of a saddle, and knotted ropes for stirrups; whilst Harry, who was very anxious to know where he was to go, found he would have to sit in front of his father.

Mr. Wilson seemed so proud of his skill as a saddler, that he would not allow of his inventions being looked at in a hurry; therefore it was not until after they had been well examined and admired that they were taken into the hut, and the horses turned loose to feed.

Aneyhma had made a whole calapash-ful of some dark fluid with which to stain their fair skins; and Harry begged so hard to dye his face, that Mr. Brisbane allowed him to do so, although he did not think it necessary. When his face had been washed with the dye he came to show himself to his mamma; but she only laughed at him, and said, 'What a little guy you have

made of yourself!' And indeed he had, for his brown skin did not match his light hair and blue eyes at all, and it made him look almost ugly. He was quite satisfied himself, however, and stepped up and down the hut in a mimicking way, like the natives when they were dressed in papa's uniform, until his mamma told him she was busy, and sent him away.

Just outside the hut he met his father.

'I was looking for you, my boy,' he said. 'Come here. I always promised you this watch when you should be old enough to take care of one, did I not?'

Harry's eyes got very bright, for he thought his father was going to give it him at once; and what boy, big or little, does not love his first watch? So he answered readily,—

'Yes, papa; of course you did. I always call it mine.'

'Listen attentively to me, Harry,' said his father, 'as I want to explain something to you. I have no money to pay for those horses, or the clothes, or anything else Mr. Wilson has got for or given us. This watch is a gold repeater, and is worth fifty pounds. I should have liked to have made a present of it to Mr. Wilson, but I cannot give it away, since it does not really belong to me. I promised it to you, so that it is as much yours as mine.'

'Yes, papa,' answered Harry, not quite understanding what his father meant.

Mr. Brisbane then said, looking the boy full in the face, 'If I were to give you the watch now for your own, Harry, what would you do with it?'

'For my very own, papa—to keep?' cried Harry, getting very red with surprise and pleasure. 'You don't mean that?'

He did not yet quite understand what his father meant, but he saw he was very serious, with his eyes fixed on him.

Then he said, 'The last thing a gentleman would do, would be—if he could help it—to get into debt or owe another anything. We must go away from here in debt to Mr. Wilson, and owing for food and other things to the natives. I cannot pay my debts, because I have nothing to pay them with. The watch is not mine.'

Harry was holding the watch, which Mr. Brisbane had put into his hand, by the chain, and attentively looking at it.

'Would this pay the debts, papa?' he asked.

'Yes; if it were sold, the money would probably pay them all,' replied Mr. Brisbane. 'Anyway, it is worth as much in exchange.'

'Is it mine, did you say, papa?' again asked Harry.

His father felt sure by this time that the child under-

stood what he meant, and he knew that if he understood he would act rightly. So he said, 'It is yours, my boy, to do what you like with.'

'Then please give it to Mr. Wilson, papa,' replied Harry. 'I am a gentleman also, and we must pay our debts.'

So the beautiful gold watch, with its chain and seals—the desire of Harry's heart—was given to Mr. Wilson that same night. At first the missionary would not hear of taking it; but Mr. Brisbane assured him he had not much use for it himself just then, and that he would prefer leaving it with him.

'If you want the money for your people,' he said, 'pray do not mind selling it; otherwise keep it in remembrance of our gratitude for all your kindness.'

Mamma kissed Harry before he went to bed, and told him she was much pleased with his conduct. I fancy it is not every little boy would have acted as well as he did; and Mr. Brisbane showed he had full confidence in his right feeling, by giving him the choice of keeping the watch for himself had he been so inclined.

Years after, when Harry—grown a fine young man—met Mr. Wilson again in India, and he showed him his present of the watch, he thought how old-fashioned, and wondered he had ever coveted it. But now, with the feelings of a boy of eight



Harry gives his watch to Mr. Wilson.—Page 104.

years, his consenting to the watch being given away was an act of great self-denial.

The next morning, very early indeed, the horses were got ready and the provisions packed at the bottom of the basket—quite a lot of eatables—as Mr. Wilson said they might want them all. Mrs. Brisbane sat with her feet on the top of these, with Cyril on her knees. Her dress was an old kind of petticoat and jacket, and her head and shoulders were wrapped up in a large blue cotton scarf or shawl, so as almost to hide her. Her face and hands were coloured, but in other respects she looked more like a bundle than anything else.

Harry declared it was just like going for a picnic—only better. Then he was told to bid Mr. Wilson good-bye; and that gentleman having placed him on the horse in front of his father, the party set out.

The missionary walked with the horses for some little distance, after which he turned back, Harry waving a handkerchief to him long after he was out of sight.

‘We have seen the last of a dear friend and good man, I am afraid,’ said Mrs. Brisbane.

‘I trust not,’ answered her husband. ‘Wilson does not speak as if he intended to remain out here always. We may meet again in England some day—who knows?’

They travelled on slowly for some hours, until the sun got hot; then rested themselves and the horses

under the trees. Later in the day they went on a few more miles, when they came to a deserted hut, where they found shelter for the night.

We cannot, however, follow the Brisbanes in the tedious, long journey they had before they reached Madras. There were many delays and difficulties to be met. Harry soon changed his opinion about its being 'better than a picnic,' and was weary and worn out like the rest of the party long before they reached a haven of rest.

After much fatigue and hardship and exposure, they arrived at last at Madras, where Mr. Brisbane was known, and where he got all the money he wanted from an agent. Here he heard the news that General Havelock had put down the mutiny, so that there was no longer danger in getting away or being seen. He got leave to go to England on the sick list, for his head still gave him some pain; but before he left Madras he sent a box of things he thought might be useful to the natives, besides a sum of money for Mr. Wilson to give them.

And then they all went on board a ship just ready to sail for England.



CHAPTER XIII.

SHIP LIFE.

BEFORE going on board ship, Mrs. Brisbane engaged a Mrs. Stark, the wife of a sergeant, who was on her way home, to act as Cyril's nurse during the voyage. They bought some clothes also, for they were all quite ragged when they got to Madras; and Harry was sent to a barber, who cut his curls quite short, for his hair was hanging all down on his shoulders, it had been so long neglected.

The little boy very much liked the sea voyage, when they were once afloat, and was never tired of being on deck, and talking to the seamen, and asking them questions. He made great friends with one sailor, who had rigged him up a fishing line, with which one calm afternoon he caught a live fish. It was the first Harry had ever caught, so that he was very much pleased:

and although he was told it was not fit to eat, he was most anxious to persuade his father to have it for breakfast.

'What is your name? What shall I call you?' he said one day to his friend the sailor.

'Well, sir, you can just call me Ben—most on 'em does, though I were chriszunned Benjamin by rights,' answered the man.

'What is your other name?' continued Harry.

'Well, sir, I don't know as I has any other partickler name. Cross is on the ship's books,' said Ben.

'I should not like to call you Mr. Cross, when you are so very kind,' replied Harry, 'so I will call you Mr. Ben.'

'All square, my lad,' said Ben, 'only you'd best drop the mister. I don't want no handle to my name.'

'Have you ever seen a mermaid?' asked Harry.

'No, sir, I can't say as I has,' was the answer.

'Or a porpoise?' said Harry.

'Plenty on 'em, sir. You come along o' me, and take a look-out astarn. I bet you a pipe o' baccy that we see one now;' and the sailor walked forward.

Harry went to the other end of the vessel, and looked at a spot where Ben pointed with something dark in the water.

'What 'ere, sir? Well, you just keep your

eye on it, and you'll see it roll over in half a minute. That 'ere's a porpis, and t'other next him's another porpis. Why, bless your heart, sir, you'll see 'em play like so many kittens. Pretty, ain't it?' Harry watched the porpoises tumbling and rolling about in the water in the wake of the vessel for some time, for it was very amusing to see them splash, and dive, and go head over heels.

'I must run and call up mamma to see,' he cried.

'No, sir,' said Ben, 'don't ye go for to do that. My lady is asleep, maybe, and she's weak and sick just now. You just let her be, and amuse yourself looking at them porpises.' Ben Cross, though he was a great rough man, had a tender heart. He had seen how pale and worn poor Mrs. Brisbane looked when she came on board, and he knew that rest and quiet were what she wanted.

There was a parrot, belonging to one of the passengers, in the ship; and one day this bird got loose, and climbed into the rigging. Harry spied him first, for he was pluming himself, and his pretty green wings and red tail quite brightened up the place where he had perched.

'Look! what is that?' cried the boy. 'I think it must be Polly.'

'Pretty Poll,—pretty Polly Hopkins,' said the bird

Then Harry ran to the steward to get some fruit, thinking Polly would come down when she saw it ; but no, she only chattered, and climbed up higher into the rigging.

Mrs. Dawson, the lady to whom the parrot belonged, came on deck when she heard the noise. She was very angry because the bird had been let loose, and as she did not know who had done it, or who to scold, she got angry with everybody, and called out very rudely, 'Here, one of you fellows, go up at once, and bring my darling pet down, or I will complain of you to the captain.' No one moved, or offered to go after the parrot ; for although most people will help and be kind if well spoken to, there are few who feel inclined to do anything for those who speak rudely to them. So Mrs. Dawson called out again to the seamen, 'I desired one of you fellows to fetch my bird down—why don't you do it?' Still no man offered to climb up the rigging, and at last, when Harry saw that no one was going to obey the lady, and that she was getting more and more angry and red in the face, he said timidly, 'I will try to get down Polly, if you like, ma'am.'

Mrs. Dawson, hardly looking at the child, answered crossly, 'Well, then, be quick with you ; do, or my 'd may come to harm.'

Harry was about to try and mount the rigging, which is not at all an easy thing for any one not accustomed to it to do, when Ben put him on one side. 'No, sir,' he said; 'tain't safe for a young land-lubber like you. I'll fetch the lady's bird myself.' So Ben climbed up slowly but surely, for the wind had got up, and he feared besides to frighten the parrot ; but as he climbed higher up, so did Polly, chattering and screaming, until, between fear of Ben and the breeze, she lost her balance, and fell on to the deck dead. Mrs. Dawson made a great crying when she found her pet had been killed in the fall ; but as its wings were clipped to prevent its escaping, it could not fly, and so fell with great force from the height. Harry was much concerned, and ran forward to where the bird lay ; but Mrs. Dawson only rewarded his kindness by calling him a 'little wretch,' and telling him to 'get out of the way.'

When he went back, rather sadly, to Ben, the sailor said, 'Well, sir, if the parrot's beak was no better than its missus' tongue, it's as well that neither me nor you fall foul of it.'

Mrs. Dawson cried, and scolded, and made a great fuss about the death of her bird ; but no one in the ship seemed to feel very sorry for her. If we would have people kind to us, we must always be kind to them.

Harry told his papa, when he next came up from the cabin, all about the parrot, and how the poor bird was dead. 'And she was "such a talented creature," Mrs. Dawson says. Parrots are very clever, are they not?'

'They can imitate sounds, dear, but I am not so sure that they are clever, as they do not connect what they say with what they see going on,' said Mr. Brisbane.

'Don't they understand what they say, papa?' asked Harry; 'and they speak quite plainly.'

'No, I fancy not,' said Mr. Brisbane. 'A prize was once offered for the parrot who should speak with understanding; so a man taught his bird only one sentence, knowing that if he were to learn several, he was as likely to repeat the wrong as the right. The day of the show arrived, when all the birds were to be put together in one room. This man then waited until all the others were come, when he brought in his, covered up in a cage, and directly he took off the cloth, Polly called out, as if the idea had just struck him, "What a lot of parrots!" This was the only sentence his master had taught him.'

'And did he get the prize, papa?' asked Harry.

'His master did,' replied Mr. Brisbane, 'and I think he deserved it for his own cleverness, if not for Polly's. Now dogs who can only bark and growl must, some

of them, both think and reason at times. I will give you an example. I had a terrier; he was of the breed called Isle of Skye, a fluffy fellow, whose head you could not tell from his tail, they were so much alike. When this dog was a mere puppy, hardly six months old, I took him over with me from Portsmouth to Gosport by the floating bridge. This is a thing very much like a small steamer, and has a deck above, and a cabin underneath called the caboose, besides places on either side for carts and horses. It was fine when I started, so I went up on deck, and remained there until we landed at Gosport. Then I went up to the marine barracks at Forton to hear the band play, and after two hours spent there, I returned to the bridge. Then for the first time I missed Doctor. It was late in the afternoon, and getting cold; so, instead of going on deck again, I went into the cabin. When I got over to Portsmouth again, I told the ticket collector that I had lost my dog on the other side, and promised him a shilling if he could find it. The man had evidently noticed Doctor, for he said, "A little fat-faced dog, is he not?" But even whilst I was speaking, I saw something brown squatting on the deck all alone—something about slowly to leave its seat and come down the ladder to land. What do you think the brown thing was, Harry?'

'Was it Doctor, papa?' asked the child.

'Yes, it was no other than the little fat-faced dog,' replied Mr. Brisbane, 'who had taken his own passage on board the bridge, to do which he must have made his way past heavy carts and restive horses, at the risk of his soft young body being run over and crushed.'

'What a clever puppy he must have been!' said Harry.

'He was a decidedly clever dog. To begin with, he was very young at the time, and when he first lost me, he must have felt quite puzzled at being alone in the narrow, crowded street of Forton. Then, I suppose, his idea was to go home; but for this he had to get back to and on board the bridge, which is not like a standing bridge, but is always moving backwards and forwards between Portsmouth and Gosport, so that if Doctor got to the landing-place whilst it was over at the other side, he would have to wait for it half an hour perhaps. Then I think it was very clever of him to climb up the ladder to the upper deck, because he had been in that part before.

'We know that animals are given instinct to supply the place of the reason most of them do not possess,' continued Mr. Brisbane, 'but Doctor reasoned. For instance, when I lost him sometimes in a crowded street, he would not, like many dogs missing their

master, tear wildly hither and thither, and so get farther astray ; but he would go from out of the crowd, on the pavement, and sit down in the middle of the road at the spot where he first lost sight of me, and wait quietly there until I missed him. Then I had only to look up or down the street, and there was Doctor, waiting for me to whistle to him to come back.

‘Where is Doctor now, papa?’ asked Harry.

‘Gone, my boy,’ answered Mr. Brisbane. ‘Like most of the best in this world, he died.’

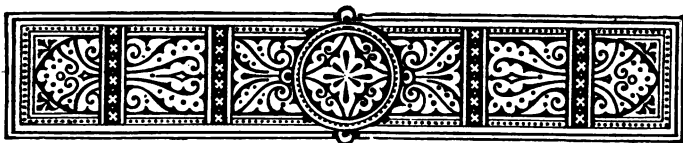
‘Can you tell me anything more about dogs’ cleverness, papa?’ asked Harry.

‘Tiff was a yellow, broken-haired Scotch terrier—a vulgar-looking dog with a very big mouth, that he always kept open ; but although he had not inherited his mother’s beauty, he had his father’s talents. This dog had the best idea of time of any I ever knew. I used to paint at a studio, and every day at ten o’clock he would go with me as far as the gate, leave me there, and return at five o’clock to fetch me. His meat for the day was generally brought in at breakfast-time, when I gave him half, and put the rest away in a cupboard for the evening ; and as soon as eight o’clock came (this was supper-time), Tiff would place himself in front of it, and wag his tail and bark, to remind me of the hour. When I first had him, he was so

small I used to have him washed in a basin, and put into a hamper at night, which I tied down to keep him quiet. As he grew bigger, he still went on sleeping in the same basket, although he had some trouble getting into it at all. On those nights when I was out at a party, and did not return home until quite late, Tiff, as the clock struck ten, would go to one or other of the people of whom I rented my rooms, and ask to be put to bed, for he did not think he had really gone to bed unless the hamper was tied down after he had got into it. Then, when he heard my returning footsteps, he would cry out for joy, and try to come and meet me; and I have often found him rolling about in his hamper on the landing, for he had grown so big, it fitted him like a shell.'

'O papa,' said Harry, laughing aloud, 'what funny stories you do tell! Please tell me another.'

'Not now,' replied Mr. Brisbane; 'I have other things to do, but I daresay your friend Ben will "spin you a yarn," if you go and ask him.'



CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION—HOME, SWEET HOME.

IT was fine weather during the whole passage home. Mr. and Mrs. Brisbane were both quite well now, and Harry as rosy and fresh as a child having lived all his life in India could be.

Now they were nearing England he was on deck all day, and would hardly allow himself time to eat his meals—he was so anxious to see the ‘white cliffs’ he had heard about.

I am afraid he was a little disappointed when at last they came to them, as people are apt to be when they first see a thing they have thought about very much.

‘Are those the white cliffs, mamma?’ he said. ‘I thought they would be much higher and bigger, and be covered all over with little English boys and girls.’

‘When you get nearer, dear, and are on shore,’ replied

Mrs. Brisbane, 'I daresay you will find as many little boys and girls as you can desire; and I hope—very soon now—you will meet your own sisters and Tommy.'

'I shall like that,' said Harry; 'and we will all play together under the apple-trees, and eat the apples too. Are apples as good as bananas?'

'As much better, dear, as everything English is to Indian. At least to my mind,' added Mrs. Brisbane, for she saw her husband was laughing at her.

'You dear old English woman!' said Mr. Brisbane.

'Well, Alfred,' she answered, 'how can I like India, when I think of all we have suffered there?' and she gave a little shudder. 'In our own dear land we are protected by the law, and may lie down and sleep in peace; and no other advantages are worth much in exchange. Look, Harry, at those beautiful sea-gulls dipping their white wings in the water!'

'We are going to have rain,' replied Harry, who, since he had been on board ship, had grown quite weather-wise.

'The sun shines almost too brightly to last,' replied Mr. Brisbane, 'but I hope we shall have time to land whilst it is fine.'

Some hours later, when the ship was close to the pier at Southampton, there was a great bustle on board—people looking out for their friends, who were waiting

their arrival on shore ; men with boxes on their shoulders, and women with children and bundles in their arms. Then there was a crowding to the gangway,—a kind of bridge to step from the ship on to the pier,—and kissing and crying and shaking of hands.

‘ Sit down quietly,’ said Mr. Brisbane to his wife ; ‘ there is no hurry. I will go and see after Cyril and nurse. Harry, do you keep close to mamma.’

Mr. Brisbane went down into the cabin, but soon returned with baby and Mrs. Stark, who was to go with them into Devonshire, and stay there until they could find another servant for the child.

‘ Now, Harry, come along,’ said papa.

And the little boy ran along the gangway, and jumped on to English ground. ‘ Hurrah !’ he cried, so loud that many people turned round to look.

Amongst others was his friend the sailor, to whose stories he had listened with such pleasure. Ben was holding one end of the gangway to steady it.

‘ That’s it !’ he called out. ‘ Hurrah for old England ! Good-bye to you, my lad.’

‘ Good-bye, dear Mr. Ben,’ replied Harry, holding out his hand to the man, who took it in his great rough palm as if he were afraid of hurting the small white fingers.

‘ God bless you, my boy,’ he said ; ‘ and when your’n

a post cap'n, don't ye forget Ben, but give him a berth as cox'n of your own boat.'

Harry laughed. 'You shall come and see me in Devonshire,' he said, 'and have as many apples as you like to eat. Will you?' And then the child lifted up his face to kiss the sailor, who looked quite sorry at parting.

Mrs. Brisbane thought she saw a dimness about his eyes as he touched his forelock to her in passing. 'Good day,' she said kindly to him; but she did not offer to kiss him as Harry had done.

They had no luggage to speak of,—only the few things they had got at Madras,—so that they were soon seated in a carriage and on their way to an hotel.

Harry was delighted with the drive along the busy streets, and the sight of the beautiful shops.

'May I not get out for only just one moment, mamma? I see such pretty things in a window,' he said more than once before they got to the end of their journey.

'At another time, dear,' answered his mother. 'The shops will not go away. Have patience, and you shall look at them to your heart's content. It is too late to-day; but if to-morrow is fine, we will have a walk together and look into all the shop-windows.'

The High Street of Southampton was quite brilliant with lamps, and the toys and flowers and sweetmeats

appeared so tempting seen through the windows of the fly, that Harry longed to jump right through it.

When they got to the hotel, and Cyril had had his tea, he was put to bed. Harry did not have tea with him, as he was to dine with papa and mamma—exactly like a grown-up man. It was very pleasant. He had a napkin, and no less than three wine glasses—they were empty—beside his plate. The waiter had to bend very low to hand him his meat, which was in a silver dish, or what looked like one; and papa, seeing Harry did not know how to manage the spoon and fork, told the servant to ‘help him;’ but Harry begged so hard to be allowed to help himself that Mr. Brisbane gave in. He did not wish the waiter to think he was a little boy of only eight years; he hoped he would mistake him for a great deal older.

I do not know what the man thought of Harry’s age, if he thought about it at all, which I doubt. I only know Harry spilt all the gravy over his clothes in trying to take a cutlet, and almost let it fall on the floor. Still it was a very happy meal; and when dessert was finished, and a cake to give Cyril next morning put away from Harry’s share, he went off to bed, feeling as if he were almost grown up already.

The sea-gulls had not told the truth. There was no rain at all; and the next morning was a beautiful, bright

sunny day. Mrs. Brisbane kept her promise of taking Harry to see the shops ; and in one of them they bought a very smart pouch filled with best bird's-eye tobacco, and a pipe, for a present for Ben, who was very pleased indeed with it, and said he must keep it for Sundays, as it was too good to use on week-days.

‘Would you have liked some sweets better ? I thought perhaps you might,’ said Harry.

‘Well, sir,’ answered Ben with a laugh, ‘somehow a quid of tobacco seems more nat’ral like to me than any sweet stuffs ; and for the matter o’ that, I like it much better, I do assure ye.’

‘I am so glad you like your present,’ said Harry. ‘Mamma said you would, but I was not quite sure about it. Sugared almonds are very nice.’

The party only remained two nights at the hotel, as Mrs. Brisbane was very anxious to see her parents and her other children ; so the morning of the second day they all set off in the train for Devonshire.

It was autumn, and the apples were now ripe and lay in heaps under the trees or hanging on them, for it was the time for gathering them. Harry thought they looked very tempting to eat—so yellow some of them, and with such rosy cheeks ; but cider apples are not good, they are hard and sour. Cider is a kind of beer made of apples. Devonshire and Dorsetshire are cider counties,

and the people living in them usually like it better to drink than anything else.

The country seemed very fresh and green after the long sea voyage, and the flowers in the hedgerows so sweet and pretty. Harry wanted to get out of the carriage which took them from the train to their grand-papa's house, that he might pick some.

'What is that, all white and hairy-looking, mamma?' he asked.

'It is called travellers' joy,' replied Mrs. Brisbane; 'and now for the first time I understand why.'

'Tell me,' said Harry.

'Because I have been a traveller,' replied his mother, 'and I am so glad I see it again—the dear English wild-flower. When we get to the next hill you shall walk up it with papa, Harry, and gather me some honeysuckle. See what beautiful pieces there are, and in such quantities!'

It was not long before they came to another hill, for the county of Devon, where it is not all down hill, is all up; and the hill and dale is what makes it so pretty.

'Here is a lovely big bunch for you, mamma!' said Harry, running up to the carriage with it in his hand. 'Papa and I scratched ourselves to death with the brambles getting it for you.'

'Thanks, dearest,' answered mamma; 'but I am glad

you are alive to tell the tale,' for Harry, like many little boys, spoke foolishly in saying he and his father had scratched themselves to death, when, instead of being dead, they were alive and well. Then Mrs. Brisbane held the flowers up to her face as if she quite loved them. I rather think she kissed them, because they grew so near to her home.

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking to rest, when she told Harry to look out, for they would soon come to the parsonage. As you may suppose, he now kept his eyes wide open and his body half out of the fly, that he might see the house first.

'Is that it, mamma?' he asked, as they drove past a pigstye and some farm-sheds.

'No, Harry; we have not quite got to it yet. Now I can see the gate leading to the orchard, and—here it is!'

At this moment the carriage stopped that it might turn into the drive, and then they saw collected in the porch a whole group of people,—grandpapa, grand-mamma, Mary, Janet, Tommy, and aunt Annie,—all waiting, eager to welcome them home. Mrs. Brisbane stood up in the carriage,—she was as much excited as Harry now; but soon they were all inside the house, kissed and hugged and cried over. There h to tell, and so much to listen to. Mamma

did not know which of her children to hold closest in her arms, so she took them all by turns. Harry felt quite an important person when his elder brother asked him questions about India and the mutiny, which he was able to answer. The children remained up that night long after bed-time; and when at last Sarah came to fetch them, they begged for 'just five minutes more;' but aunt Annie, who had her wits still about her, said, 'Nonsense; it is a great deal past nine o'clock, so off with you all at once, or I shall have to get my rod.'

This was said in fun, for aunt Annie had no rod. Then they all said 'Good night' before leaving the room with Sarah, and when Harry went up to his grandpapa to kiss him, the old gentleman took off his spectacles, and, placing him in front of his knees, said,—

'So this is my little hero! I must have a good look at him.' Then he kissed him, and bade 'God bless' him.

Next day, when Harry was alone with Mrs. Brisbane, he asked her all at once, 'What is a hero, mamma?'

'A hero, my dear,' answered his mother, 'is a man who does anything very brave, or great, or good.'

Harry opened his eyes. 'What did grandpapa mean, then, by saying to me last night, "So this is my little hero," do you think?'

Mrs. Brisbane took the child fondly in her arms as she replied: 'I think, dear, it was because he had heard

how patient and unselfish and good you were during that terrible time when we were lost in the jungle. Of course, a child of eight years old cannot be expected to do anything great ; but if he does all he can to bear pain and be kind to others, when he grows up he will be a good and a brave man.'

Harry did not know what answer to make. He got red and confused, and felt as if he were being praised without having deserved it. But I think he did deserve it, for as far as a weak child was able, he had shown himself brave and good.

For many years after this Harry remained in England. He went to school later, but spent much of his time at his grandfather's house ; and it was a favourite game with him and his sisters and brother to play at being lost in the forest. Two would climb into an apple-tree or hide behind it, whilst Harry himself would imitate the 'Tuctoo' or the rogue elephant. They liked best, however, to get their father or aunt Annie to be the elephant, as they kicked when acting the part as if they had been two donkeys. Their performance always sent the children into fits of laughter. Grandmamma once did it for them, but she made such a very slow bad elephant that they never asked her again.

When Harry grew to be a man he went into the army, and to India, as his father had done before him. The

nickname of 'Hero Harry' clung to him, although some of his friends called him so without knowing the reason why, and he himself had almost forgotten the origin of it. But as he is a fine, tall young gentleman now, and a good and brave soldier, I should not wonder if some day the name of hero should really be deserved by that same person who once was the little boy who was lost in the jungle.





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